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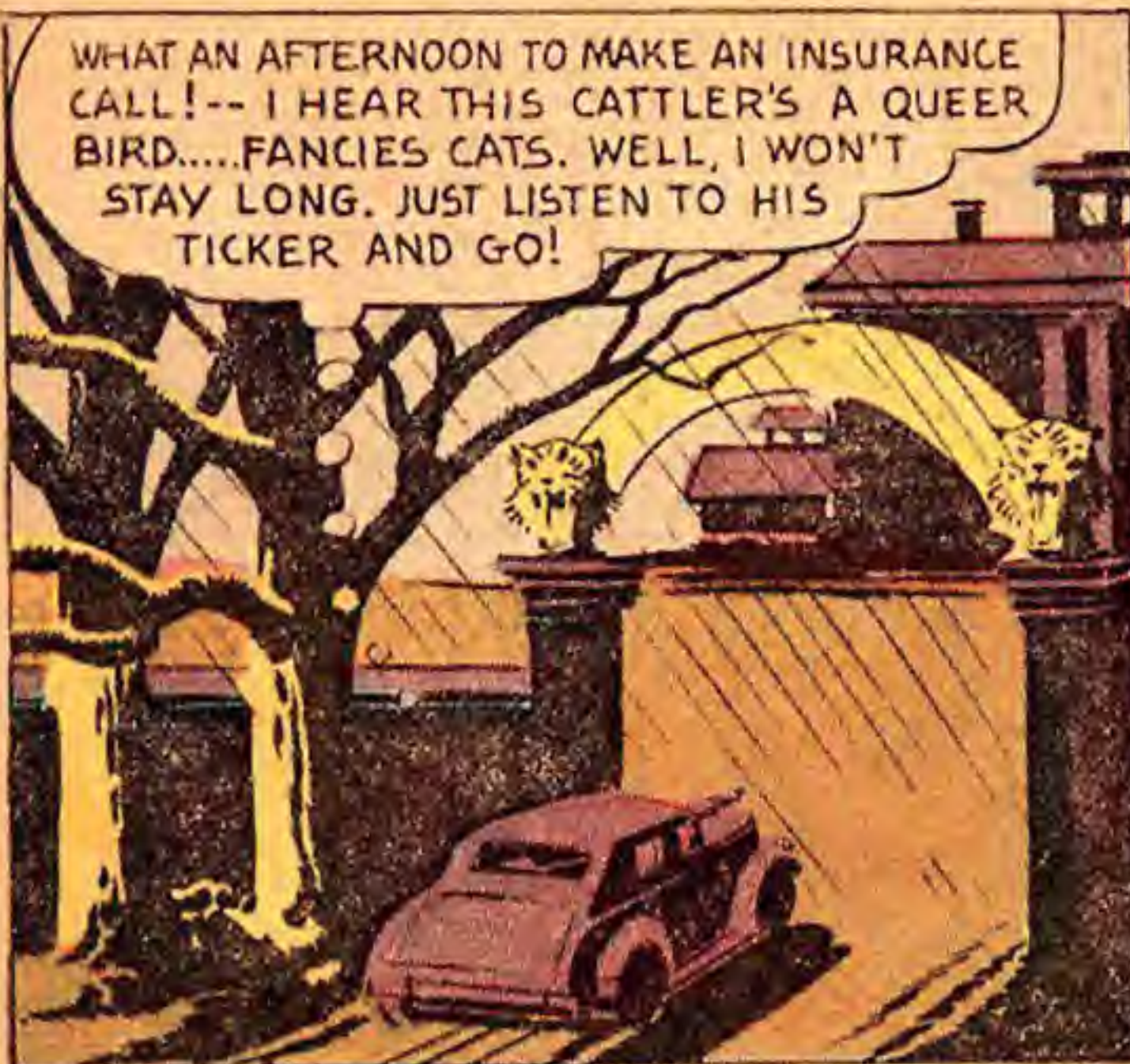
# THE EYES OF THE TIGER



CARL CATTLER LOVED BEASTS OF THE FELINE STRIPE, AND THEY RETURNED THIS AFFECTION...FOR THE MOST PART. EVERYTHING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY UNTIL CARL MADE ONE **SERIOUS MISTAKE!** AFTER THAT, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE **"EYES OF THE TIGER!"**



WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL!-- I HEAR THIS CATTLER'S A QUEER BIRD....FANCIES CATS. WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG. JUST LISTEN TO HIS TICKER AND GO!



S-SAY!...HE *IS* ECCENTRIC! WHOEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUFFED TIGER OUT ON THE LAWN?!...I'LL BE GLAD WHEN *THIS* VISIT'S OVER.



HOW THE DEVIL LONG MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAYBE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY?...



WORST LUCK!--HE *ISN'T* DEAD. BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG..!

YOU'D BE DOCTOR MANTON, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE. COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WARM YOURSELF BY THE FIRE.



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLER, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AT ONCE. I'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE... BUT OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT

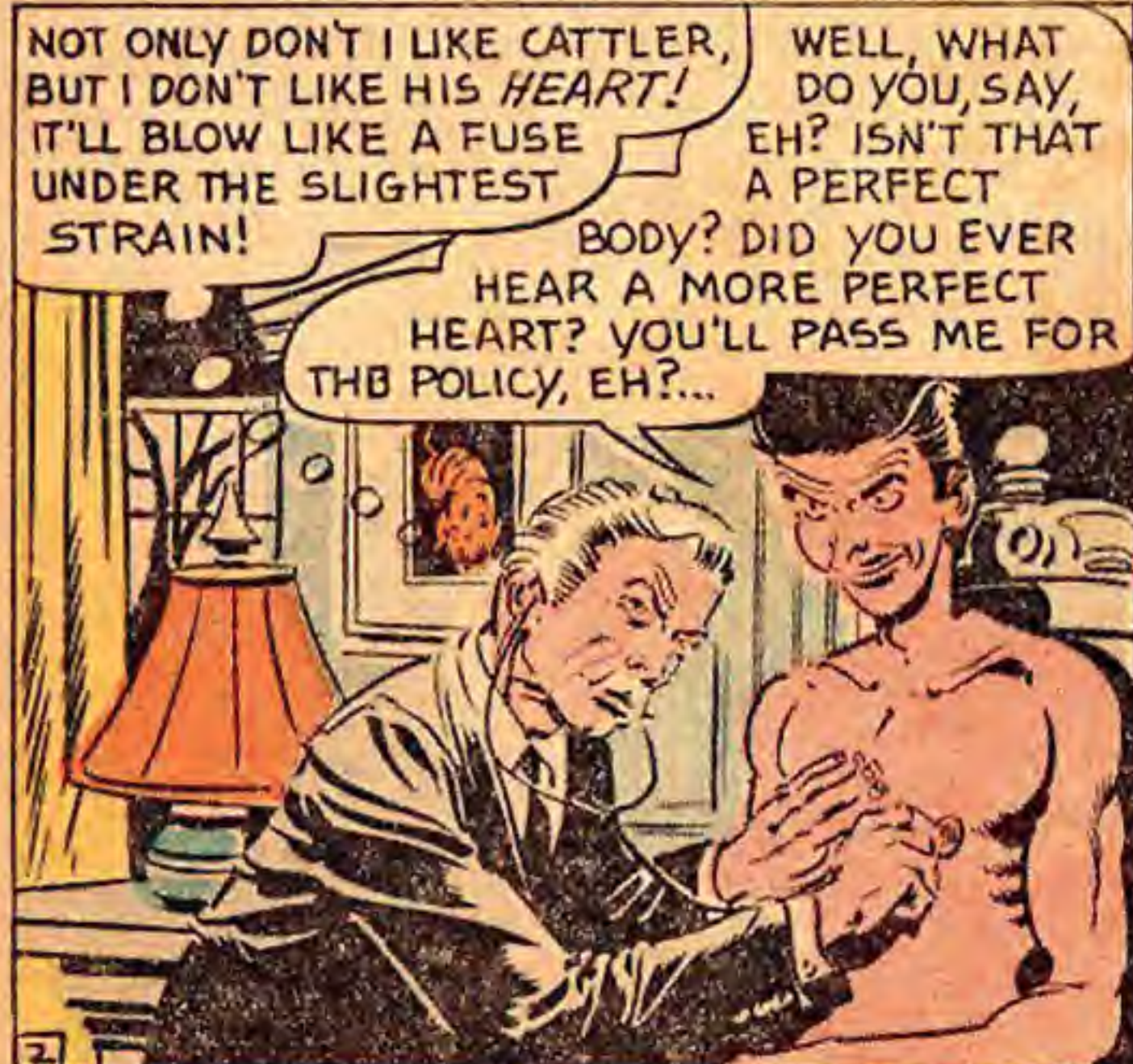
*ELSE* ARE YOU HERE FOR?--HEH! HEH! I WARN YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY. DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!



NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLER, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS *HEART*! IT'LL BLOW LIKE A FUSE UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!

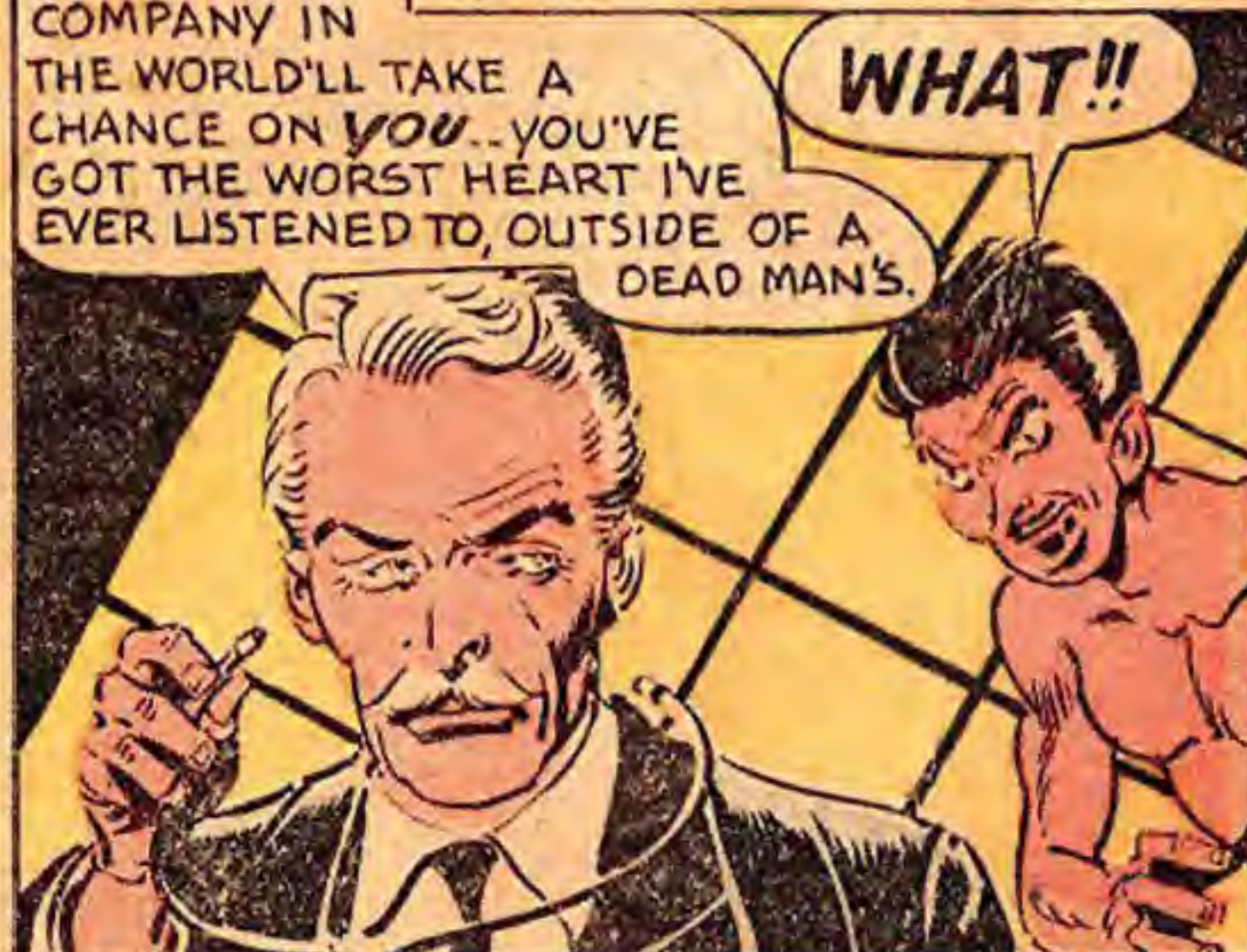
WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, EH? ISN'T THAT A PERFECT

BODY? DID YOU EVER HEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICY, EH?...



I SHOULD SAY *NOT*...NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON *YOU*...YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S.

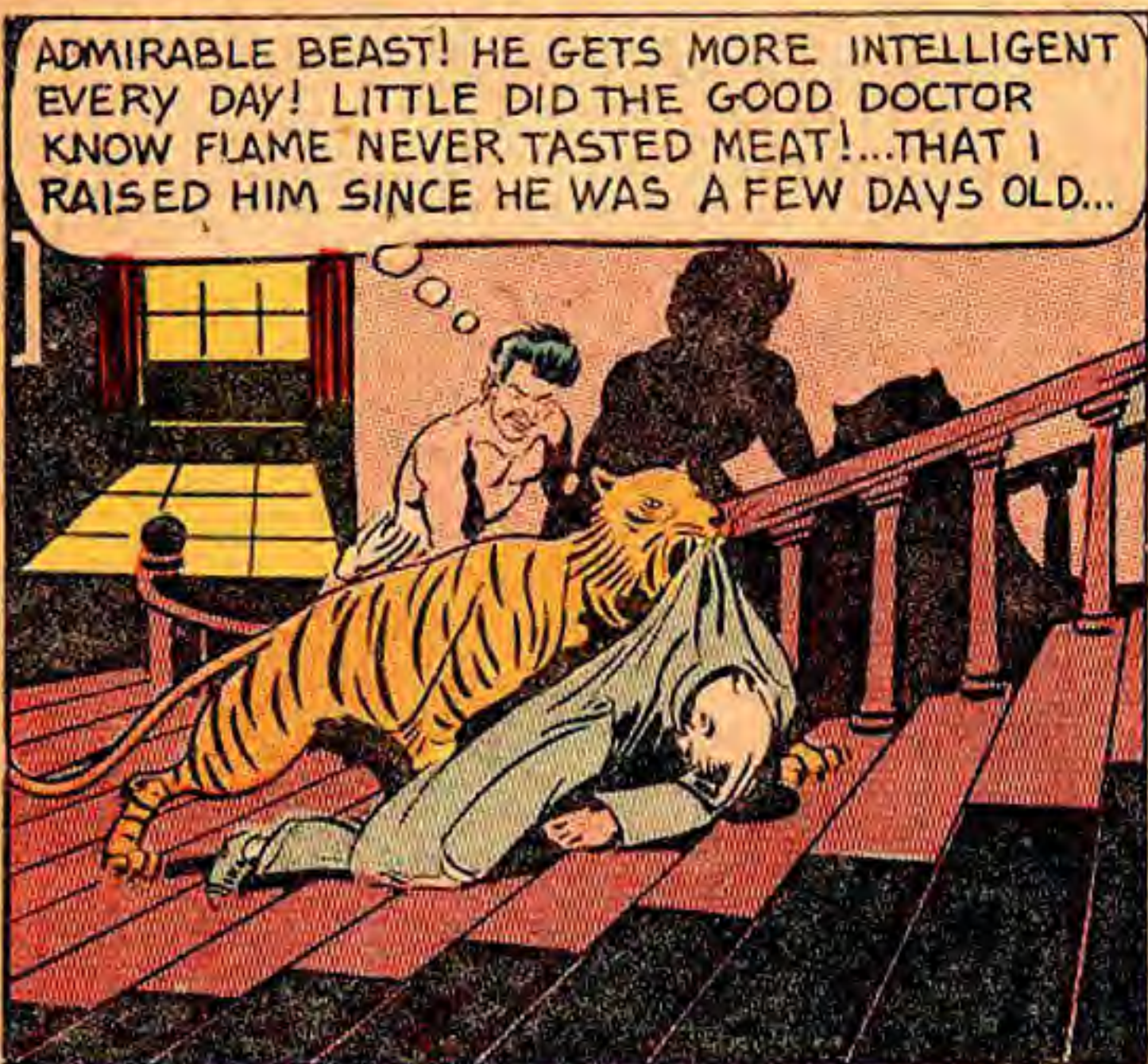
**WHAT!!**













BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNCOVERS ONE OF CATTLER'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-VEINED WHITENESS...



CATTLER WAKES UP, AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT...

W-WHAT TH--? FLAME! HE'S LICKING MY FOOT! ... MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY-FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, **FLAME'S TASTED BLOOD!**



WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS **TEETH** INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE? I MUST TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!...



BUT AS CATTLER MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE... WITH HIS **STEEL CLAWS!**

THIS ISN'T FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A **TIGER**... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL HE TASTES MY **THROAT'S BLOOD!**



THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS, WILL COME IN HANDY! FLAME NEVER HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE-- IF I'M LUCKY, HE'LL **FEEL** ONE NOW!



CURSE MY SHAKING HAND! I ONLY **GRAZED** HIM!... GOT TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT!



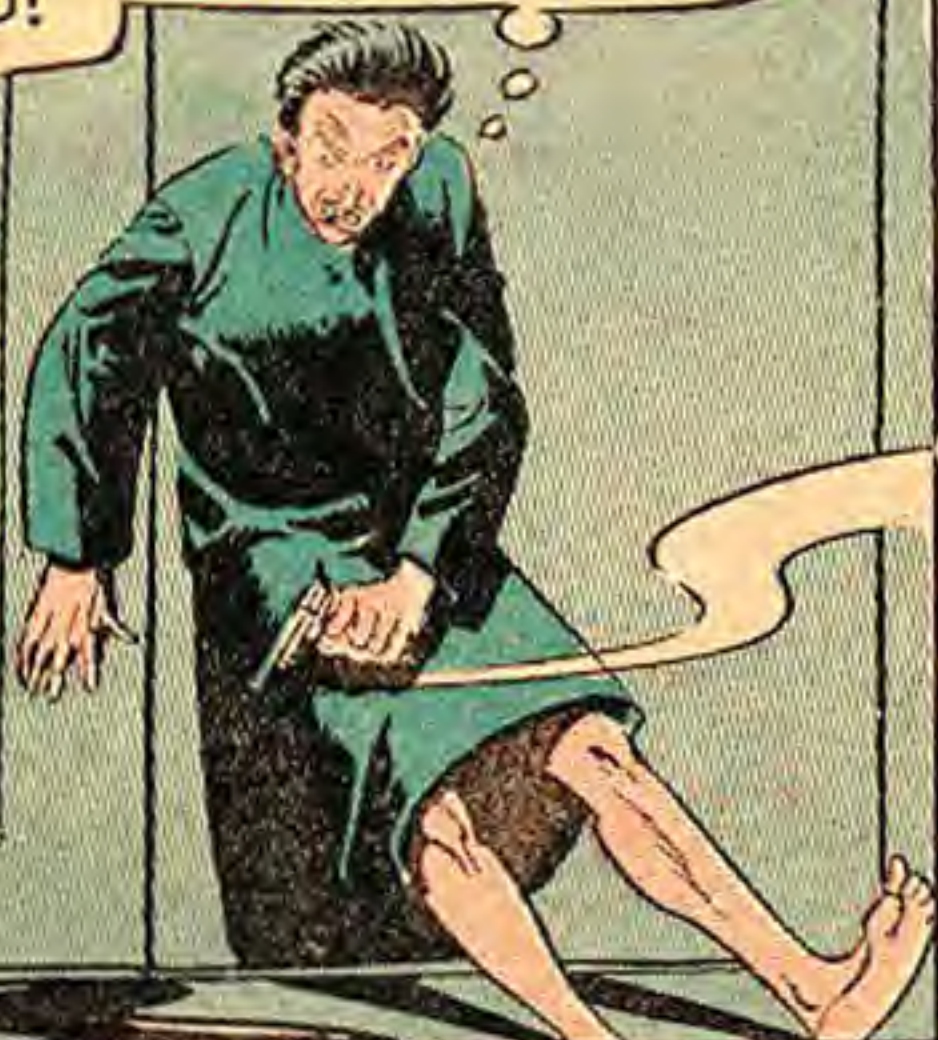






MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!

NO SOUND. NOT EVEN A GROWL OF PAIN. YET FLAME'S BLOOD IS SEEPING OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE **MUST** BE DEAD!



BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN I-I SEE HIS **EYES** STARING AT ME!



EVERYWHERE!...**FLAME'S EYES**... STARING AT ME! ACCUSING ME!



I'LL GET RID OF THEM!...I'LL SHUT THEM...**FOREVER!** I'LL **KILL** THEM AGAIN! AND AGAIN-!



**FLAME!** THEN YOU AREN'T DEAD?! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOUSE, BEHIND THE BLUEROOM DOOR,...YOU'RE HERE...ALIVE!



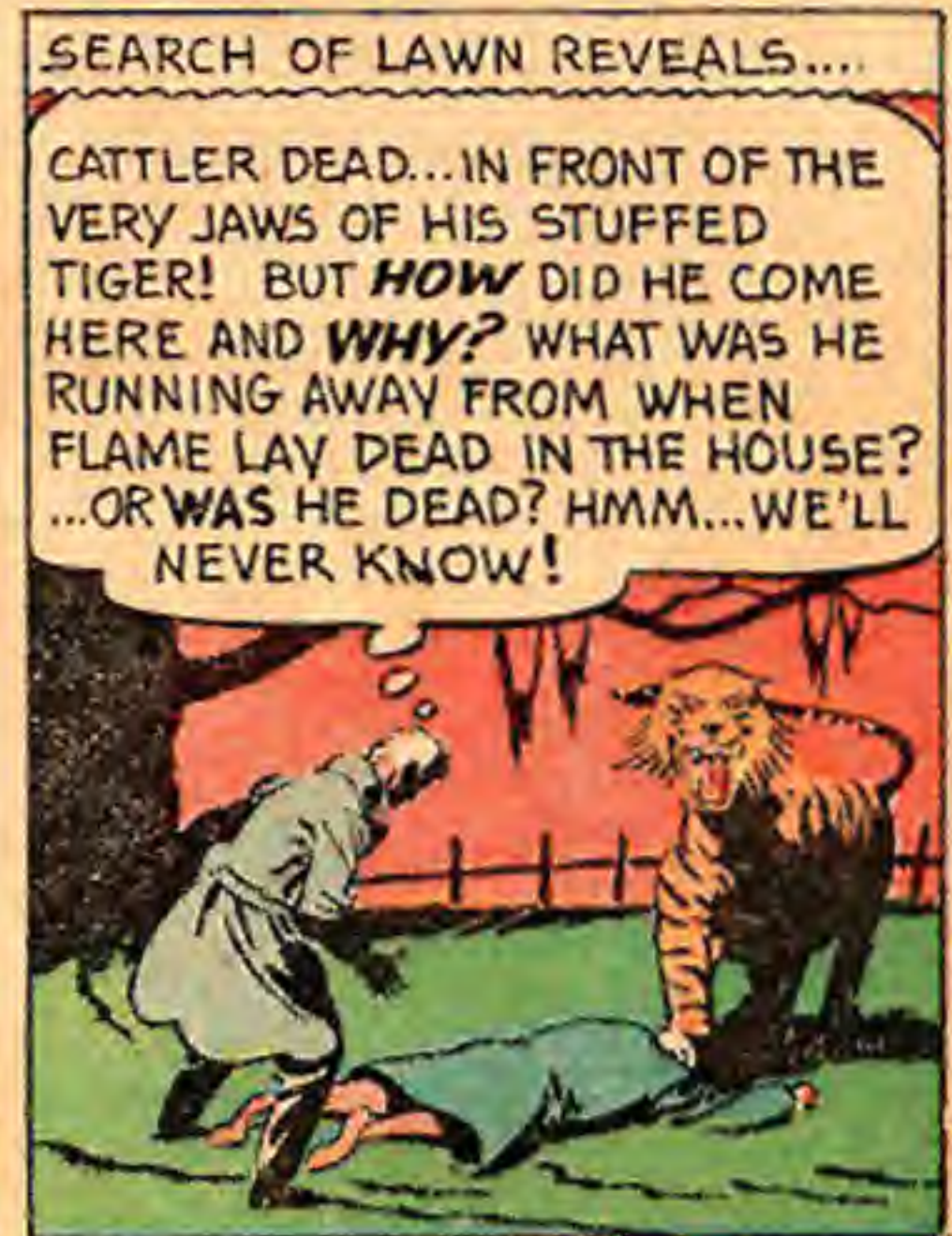
AIEEE!...YOU'RE **ALIVE!** BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!



MY LAST BULLETS... NOW I'M ALONE... NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND FLAME'S FANGS!









# DEAD MAN'S TALE



IT IS PROPER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE  
AT THE **UNDERTAKERS**, WHERE...

GENTLY, GENTLY...  
YOU ARE CARRYING  
A GREAT MAN!

I'LL SAY HE'S GREAT! THE  
STIFF WEIGHS A TON. WHATSA  
MATTER YOU ALWAYS GET DEAD  
**GIANTS**, BOSS? AIN'T THERE NO  
DEAD **MIDGETS**?



THESE SOCIETY BOYS  
SURE DRESS FANCY.  
WHERE WAS HE GOING  
TO..A MASQUARADE?

NAW, YOU DOPE! MR.  
MORGAN WAS ON A  
FOX-HUNT WHEN HE  
DROPPED DEAD...







DIS GUY DROP DEAD?  
DIS GIANT OF A GUY?  
WHY HE COULD BUST ME  
IN TWO WITH HIS  
PINKIES!

WHO KNOWS?—  
EXCEPT THE CORPSE?  
AND CORPSES DON'T  
SPEAK. WHO SHOULD  
KNOW BETTER THAN  
I!?



YA AIN'T GONNA START  
EMBALMIN' HIM TILL WE  
HAVE **SUPPER**? AW, BOSS,  
IT'S A NIGHT'S JOB... LET'S  
GO OUT AND BUY US SOME  
ENERGY FIRST!

SURE, BOSS... MORGAN  
AIN'T GONNA RUN  
AWAY!

VERY  
WELL!



BOY, DOES THE UNDERTAKING  
BUSINESS GIVE YOU AN AP-  
PETITE!... AM I GONNA TEAR  
UP A JUICY STEAK!

DEATH....DEATH  
EVERYWHERE. WHAT  
IS LIFE BUT A  
PREPARATION FOR  
DEATH?



HOW TRUE ARE YOUR WORDS, MR. UNDER-  
TAKER. HOW TRUE IT IS THAT ALL MY  
LIFE I WAS PREPARING MYSELF FOR  
**THIS!**... BUT YOU SAID THE DEAD DON'T  
**TALK**, DIDN'T YOU?....



PERHAPS THEY **DON'T**... TO THE  
LIVING, BUT THE DEAD **THINK**...  
AND ISN'T THINKING A CERTAIN  
KIND OF TALKING? OF COURSE  
IT IS!



HOW DIFFERENT YOU LOOK FROM THE  
MYRON MORGAN YOU USED TO BE!... IS  
IT ANY WONDER?... THEN YOU WERE  
**ALIVE**... REMEMBER? REMEMBER  
THAT SCORCHING DAY IN THE MOJAVE  
DESERT TEN YEARS AGO?

YES—I REMEMBER  
CLEARLY. I WAS A  
POOR SALESMAN  
THEN, I HAD AN  
OLD RATTLETRAP  
TO CRAWL AROUND  
SOUTHWEST  
AMERICA WITH...



"I REMEMBER PULLING INTO THAT LITTLE GAS STATION NEAR DEAD MAN'S RUT. WHAT A DAY IT WAS... I THOUGHT I WAS BEING ROASTED ALIVE!"

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS SODA WAS COLD! WHY, MY **RADIATOR'S** COLDER THAN THIS FOUL-TASTING BOTTLED POLLUTION!

CAN'T HELP IT, MISTER. I'M GIVIN' YOU WHAT I GOT. DON'T HAVE TO DRINK IT IF YOU DON'T WANT. ...WELL, YOUR CAR'S ABOUT READY!



SURE IT'S READY—  
READY FOR THE  
**JUNKPILE!**...

HEY, MISTER...DON'T  
THROW YOUR BOTTLE  
AWAY! GIVE **US** SOME  
OF IT...ME THROAT'S AS  
DRY AS A TEETOTALER'S  
GIZZARD!



LIKE SOUP, ISN'T IT?...  
ONLY THING  
MISSING IS NOODLES!

IF I USE MY IMAGINATION,  
I KIN TASTE **THEM**,  
TOO... (GULP!)



YOU BEIN' SO KIND,  
MISTER...HOW ABOUT  
GIVIN' US A RIDE? IT'S  
A LONG WAY I'M TRAV-  
ELING AND EVERY LITTLE  
BIT HELPS ME PUPPIES!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO  
RISK YOUR LIFE  
RIDING IN THIS  
BROKEN-DOWN VOL-  
CANO, IT'S OKAY BY  
ME. I CAN SEE YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING!



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, IF I WAS  
YOU, MISTER...I **ALWAYS** KNOW WHAT  
I'M DOIN'!



A HALF HOUR LATER...THE WORST HAPPENS...

CURSE MY LUCK AND  
CURSE **YOU** FOR  
ADDING TO THE  
ROTTENNESS OF IT!  
I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN YOU'D BE A  
**JINX!**

ME DEAR SIR, **ME** A  
**JINX?** WHY, I'M JUST  
A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING  
BUM, BUMMIN' A  
RIDE....!





LOOK AT THE CURSED THING BLOW-CURSE THE CAR!...CURSE THE WORLD!...CURSE ME!...I'M **LICKED!... LICKED!**

NOW, NOW, THING'RE NOT **THAT** BAD. MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, YOU HAVIN' BEEN SO KIND TA **ME** BEFORE!



**YOU** HELP **ME**? A WORTHLESS TRAMP? WHAT CAN **YOU** DO EXCEPT STAND AROUND AND GRIN YOUR STUPID GRIN?

PLENTY! WANNA SEE **WHAT**? SURE YA DO, **YA** GIVE **ME** A DRINK A LITTLE WHILE BACK WHEN I WAS THIRSTY. NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE DRINK FOR **YOU**!



TAKE ONE SWIG OF THIS STUFF AND YER CAR'LL RUN LIKE A ROLLS-ROYCE. MAYBE IF YA WISH A LITTLE HARDER, IT'LL **TURN INTO A ROLLS-ROYCE!**

IF I WANT TO GET DRUNK AND SEE THE WORLD UP-SIDE DOWN, **YOU** DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME HOW. GET THAT FILTHY BOTTLE OUT OF MY SIGHT!



YA THINK THIS'S FIREWATER? YER NUTS, MISTER, THIS'S IS WITCH-DOCTOR STUFF!... **SNAKE OIL!** THE INDIAN CHIEF WHAT GIVE IT TO ME SAYS YA TAKE A SWALLOW, MAKES A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES **TRUE!**



GO AHEAD...TAKE A SWIG! WHATCHA GOT TA LOSE!? IF YA DON'T LIKE THE TASTE SPIT IT OUT. BUT DON'T FORGET TO **WISH** AS YA WET YER WHISTLE.

YOU'RE RIGHT...I'VE NOTHING **AT ALL** TO LOSE. IN FACT, IF THERE'S **POISON** IN THE BOTTLE, I'LL BE SATISFIED, **TOO!**



THAT'S THE STUFF. MAKE OUT IT'S SCOTCH! -THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WISH THAT THE CAR RUNS AGAIN...

WHY BE A **PIKER** ABOUT THIS MAGIC NONSENSE?...I WISH THAT THE TIN LIZZIE CHANGES INTO A LIMOUSINE!



A SECOND LATER... WELL? MY STUFF'S A LITTLE STRONGER'N SODA POP, AIN'T IT?

**GREAT S-SCOTT!** I--I C-CAN'T BELIEVE M-MY EYES... A LIMOSINE!!









DISAPPEARED? I DISAPPEAR?  
NEVER, MYRON MORGAN!--I SHALL  
BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF  
YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM  
YOU AT THE **END**  
OF IT!

SOMETHING  
WEIRD'S  
HAPPENED!  
I'VE GOT TO  
GET AWAY  
FROM HERE.  
**FAR AWAY!**

*Meanwhile...*

I DON'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ABOUT THIS...  
WONDERFUL LIQUID...BUT **WHO WOULD?**  
ALL I KNOW IS THAT A DRINK GRANTS  
MY EVERY WISH!



WHO CARES  
THAT WITH EACH  
SWALLOW DIMINISH-  
ING THE CONTENTS  
OF THE BOTTLE, MY  
**OWN** LIFE DIMINI-  
SHES?--I WANT A  
SUCCESSFUL LIFE,  
EVEN IF IT BECOMES  
A **SHORT** ONE!

DON'T WORRY,  
LITTLE MORTAL...  
WATCH HOW **EMBIT-  
TERED** YOUR LIFE  
WILL BE AS YOU SEE  
THE LIQUID GRADUAL-  
LY DISAPPEAR!

"**Y**EARS PASSED  
AND WITH THEIR PAS-  
SING, *Myron Morgan*  
BECAME RICH,  
POWERFUL AND  
RESPECTED,  
BEYOND ALL HIS  
DREAMS..."

"HE MARRIED THE MOST BEAUTI-  
FUL WOMAN IN PARK AVENUE  
SOCIETY..."



"HE HAD SCORES  
OF SERVANTS..."



"MAGNIFICENT  
ESTATES!"



"A YACHT!"



"AND THE GREATEST  
PRIZE OF ALL, HIS  
LITTLE DAUGHTER..."





BUT NOBODY KNEW THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS,  
AND NOBODY KNEW HIS **SORROW**, EXCEPT  
**MYRON MORGAN!**

LITTLE DOES ANYBODY KNOW THAT THE "GENIUS"  
BEHIND ALL THIS WEALTH AND POWER LIES  
STOPPED UP IN A DIRTY OLD MEDICINE BOTTLE!  
JUST AS MY **LIFE** IS CONTAINED IN A FEW  
OUNCES OF ITS STRANGE FLUID!



I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE  
HOW MUCH OF THE STUFF IS LEFT...  
HAVEN'T SEEN IT IN SOME TIME!



**GREAT GUNS!** THERE'S SCARCELY  
ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID  
IS ALMOST **GONE!**



THE CORK'S LEFT OUT  
OF THE NECK... MY OWN  
LIFE'S BLOOD...EVAPORATING!



I KNOW WHAT  
I'LL DO. I'LL  
WISH FOR  
**MORE  
LIQUID!**



IT DOESN'T WORK! NOTHING'S BEEN  
ADDED...AND A PRECIOUS SIP OF ITS BEEN  
**WASTED...**WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY  
**LIFE'S AT STAKE!**



I'VE GOT IT!...I'LL **DILUTE** THE  
LIQUID WITH **WATER!**





MOMENTS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN .....

I CAN'T AFFORD TO ENDANGER THE **ENTIRE** CONTENTS WITH THIS EXPERIMENT, SO I'LL JUST USE A PORTION OF THE MAGIC LIQUID AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER..IN THIS TEASPOON!



NOW I'LL WISH FOR SOMETHING SIMPLE. LIKE A \$1000...TO APPEAR ON THIS PANTRY SHELF!

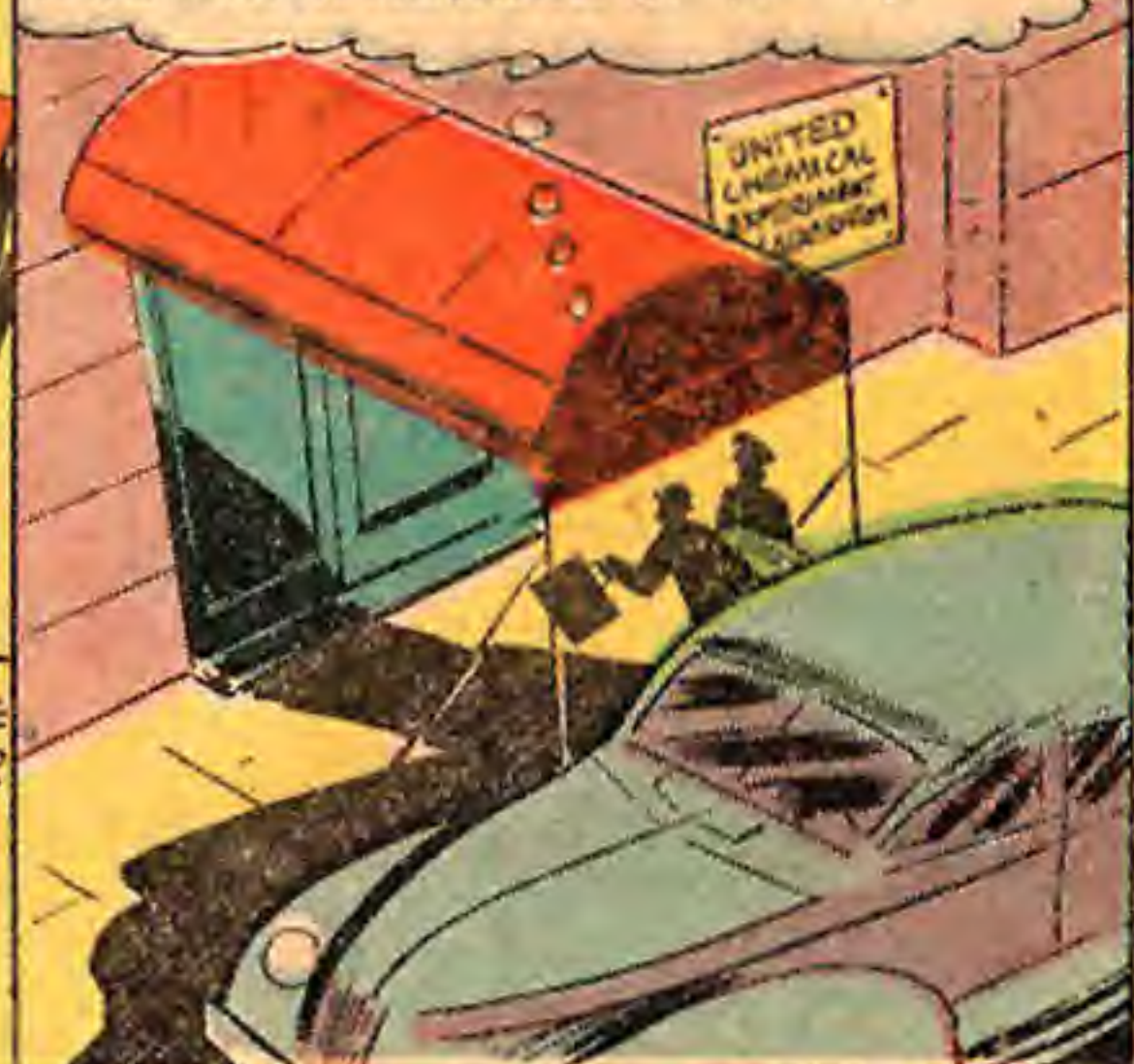


NOTHING! DILUTING THE STUFF ONLY **DE-STROYS** ITS POWER! ONLY THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATE WILL WORK! ...IT'S THE LIQUID **ITSELF** I MUST GET MORE OF!



EVERY ATTEMPT FAILED- THEN ONE DAY, ANOTHER IDEA STRUCK HIM!

I'LL MAKE FREMI, THE FAMOUS CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND HAVE HIM MAKE **MORE** OF IT---



UPSTAIRS, IN FREMI'S LABORATORY...

WHY, THIS IS A VERY COMMON CONCOCTION, MR. MORGAN! I CAN DISTILL OIL WELLS OF THE STUFF FOR YOU!

YOU **CAN?** THEN MAKE A GALLON OF IT! **RIGHT NOW!** I'LL COME FOR THE OIL WELLS, LATER!



IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE SOLE OWNERSHIP OF THE MOST WONDROUS POTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!





AN HOUR LATER, IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME....

ANOTHER SECOND WILL  
TELL THE STORY! I'LL  
WISH FOR A SILVER PITCHER  
TO POUR THE MAGIC  
FLUID!



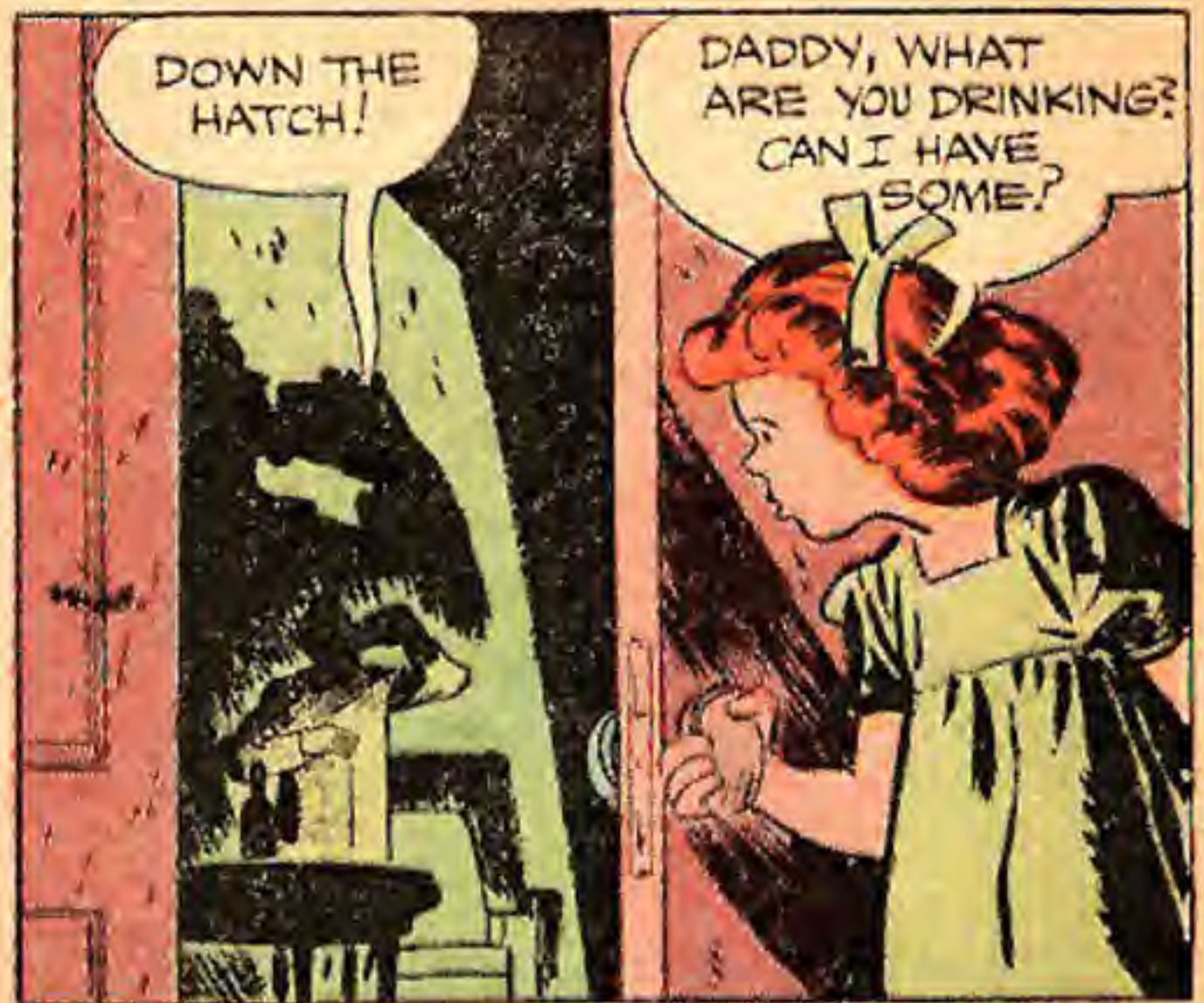
ANOTHER FAILURE! NOTHING!  
THE SYNTHETIC LIQUID LACKS  
SOME ESSENTIAL SPIRIT WHICH  
RENDERS IT MAGICAL!...

AW, DADDY,  
PLEASE...  
GIVE  
**ME**  
SOME!



DOWN THE  
HATCH!

DADDY, WHAT  
ARE YOU DRINKING?  
CAN I HAVE  
SOME?



ONLY THING TO DO IS MAKE  
A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND  
SEAL THE BOTTLE IN IT, SO  
THAT THE LIQUID REMAINS  
UNTOUCHED FOREVER!

NO, DARLING,  
THIS LIQUID  
IS BAD FOR  
YOU. IT'S BIT-  
TER AND  
ROTTEN-TASTING.  
I'M GOING TO BUY  
YOU AN ICE-CREAM  
SODA INSTEAD!



AN ICE CREAM SODA?...OH,  
GOODY! CAN I HAVE A  
CHOCOLATE ONE WITH  
**TWO DIPS?**

OF COURSE, DEAR.

I HAVE EVERYTHING I  
NEED... A HOME... A  
BEAUTIFUL WIFE  
AND CHILD...  
MILLIONS IN  
THE BANK...

...IF I CONSERVE THE  
LAST FEW DROPS, I'LL  
HAVE COMPLETE INSURANCE  
THAT I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE  
OUT MY NORMAL LIFE. I'LL  
SEE ABOUT THAT CONCRETE  
CONTAINER TOMORROW!





THE NEXT MORNING...

I WANT A CONCRETE RECEPTACLE FOR THIS BOTTLE...FOR PERMANENT SEALING! THERE MUST BE NO POSSIBILITY OF EVAPORATING, EITHER!

I GOTCHA... IT'S A CINC TO MAKE! - HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!



AT MYRON MORGAN'S HOME, THAT NIGHT....

WHY, MYRON... YOU HAVEN'T DANCED LIKE THIS FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS!

I KNOW, DEAREST, I HAVEN'T BEEN...ER... "WELL"...BUT NOW I THINK I'M GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, DARLING. I WANT OUR FOX HUNT PARTY TO BE A REAL SUCCESS... AND IT COULDN'T IF YOU WEREN'T HAPPY!

I'M GOING TO BE SUPREME- MELY HAPPY, RONNIE, FROM NOW ON!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... THE FOX HUNT!

WAIT A SECOND, RONNIE- I'VE GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEONE!

DADDY, DADDY! KISS ME GOODBYE!

COME ON, MYRON! EVERYONE WILL CATCH THE FOX, BUT US!



AFTER DADDY KISSES YOU, YOU'LL GO INSIDE THE HOUSE LIKE A GOOD GIRL, AND PLAY? AND LISTEN TO NURSE!

YES, DADDY! I LOVE YOU DADDY!



LET'S GO! GOD PITY THE FOX!

COME, DEAR. YOU HEARD WHAT DADDY SAID...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBRARY....

I THINK I'LL PLAY BANKER LIKE MY DADDY DOES, AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE--





GEE WILLIKENS...FIRST I FIND THE LITTLE DOOR OPEN!... DADDY MUST HAVE FORGOT TO CLOSE IT. THEN I FIND THIS FUNNY-LOOKING BOTTLE. ...HOW **DIRTY** IT IS!



AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE FOX HUNT...

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR...ONCE THE MENACE OF LOSING THE LIQUID IN THE BOTTLE IS REMOVED!... AND THAT'LL BE **SOON!**...



HOW **UGLY** THE BOTTLE IS...I HATE IT! **THERE!**

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?... GET OFF THAT CHAIR BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!



WH...  
ARRRGH!!

LOOK AT MORGAN, S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE LIBRARY...

YOU NAUGHTY GIRL! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! MAYE YOUR DADDY

**NEEDED IT!** - YOU BET HE NEEDED IT, MADAM! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RICH MR. MYRON MORGAN **WITHOUT IT!**

**NEEDED** THAT BOTTLE, AND SEE HOW YOU'VE SMASHED IT TO PIECES!



REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY? YOU LIKED IT SO WELL, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT **NOW?** OH, EXCUSE ME...I **FORGOT!** YOU CAN'T SEE AND YOU CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?

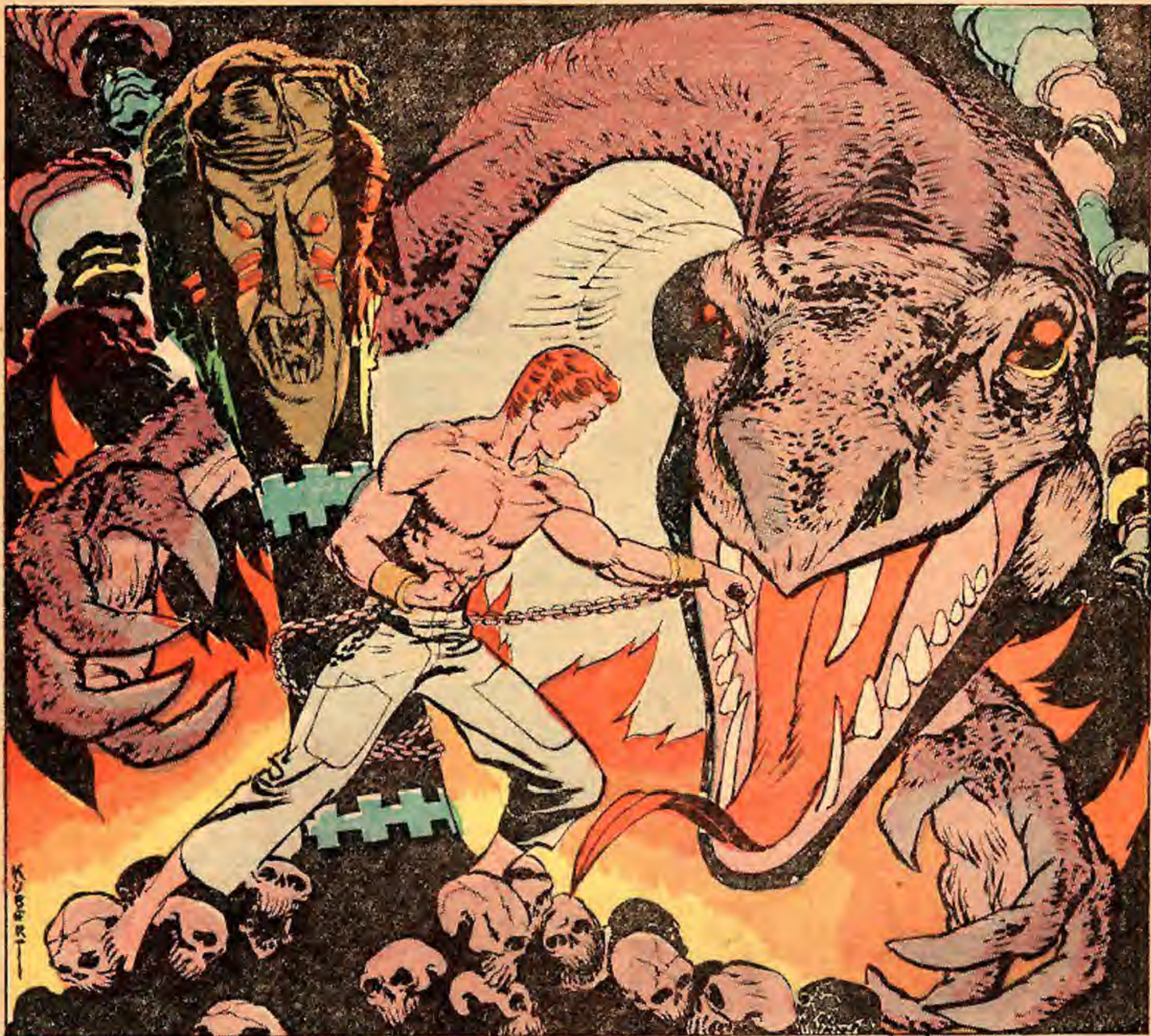


...I HAVE TO DO YOUR THINKING AND SPEAKING **FOR** YOU! --WHAT A STORY YOU WOULD TELL IF **YOU** COULD ONLY SPEAK!



AT THE UNDERTAKER'S





**A** U.S. MITCHELL BOMBER, ON A REGULAR CHARTING AND AERIAL EXPLORATION FLIGHT FROM ITS BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, RUNS INTO AN UNFORSEEN STORM... STRUGGLING TO REMAIN ALOFT, LITTLE DO THE AIRMEN KNOW THE HORRIBLE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM ON THE ISLAND OF **THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS!**



I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER!---T-TH' CONTROLS ARE JAMMED!

---FOR GOD'S SAKE--- LEVEL HER OUT FOR A CRASH LANDING---!



WE'RE DONE FOR!...WE'RE G-GOING... DOWN...

WHERE ARE WE?--

WHAT'S TH' DIFF? I'M SAYIN' PRAYERS FOR WHERE I'M GONNA BE IN A MINUTE FROM NOW!





I CAN SEE  
THE OCEAN  
NOW!

LOOKIT THOSE  
WAVES!---



BERT! I THINK  
I'VE GOT HER  
LEVELED FOR  
A CRASH...!

B-BUT  
WE'RE SMACKING  
INTO THAT  
GIANT WAVE!  
PULL  
UP!



PULL  
UP...!



MOMENTS  
LATER...

THE PLANE'S FILLING LIKE  
A SPONGE...SHE'LL GO  
DOWN ANY SECOND! HOPE  
BERT'S NOT HURT BAD THO  
HE SURE  
LOOKS IT!



BERT'LL KEEP HERE! THEN AFTER  
I GET MIKEY OUT, I'LL HAVE TO  
REACH THAT WING! I **STILL** DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S KEEPIN' THIS  
HUNK OF CEMENT AFLOAT!



MIKEY, PLEASE... DON'T CONK  
OUT ON ME, TOO! I'LL NEVER  
MAKE IT TO THE WING WITH  
**BOTH** OF YOU!---MIKEY!

OOOOH...



THANKS, B-BOSS  
...IT'S ME  
SHOULDER...  
N-NOT ME---

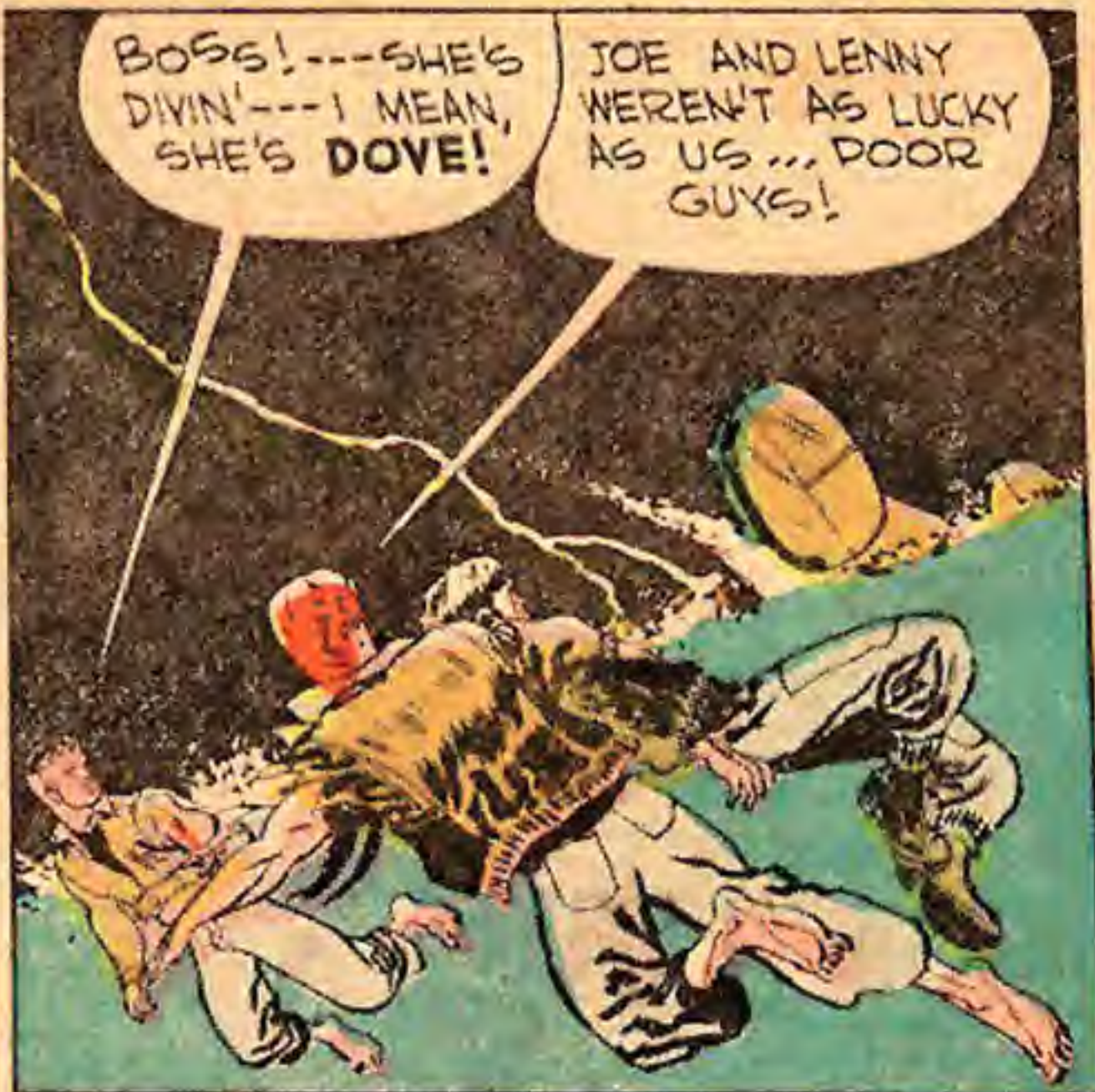
I KNOW, MIKEY...  
BUT YOU'VE  
GOT TO TRY  
EVEN **HARDE**R





HOW YOU DOING?--- SHOULD BOTHERING YOU?

P-PLENTY!...BUT WHAT TH' HECK...I BEEN THINKIN' ALL ME LIFE WITH HALF A BRAIN-I GUESS I KIN DO A LITTLE SWIMMIN' WITH HALF ME SHOULDERS!



BOSS!---SHE'S DIVIN'---I MEAN, SHE'S DOVE!

JOE AND LENNY WEREN'T AS LUCKY AS US...POOR GUYS!



I AIN'T SO SURE... MAYBE WE'RE JUST PROLONGIN THE AGONY!



HOW IS HE?

NOT SO GOOD, MIKEY! ---AFTER THREE YEARS OF FIGHTIN' JAPS, AFTER SEEING THE WAR THROUGH TOGETHER, A LITTLE AERIAL SURVEYING LEADS TO THIS!



---IT'S FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

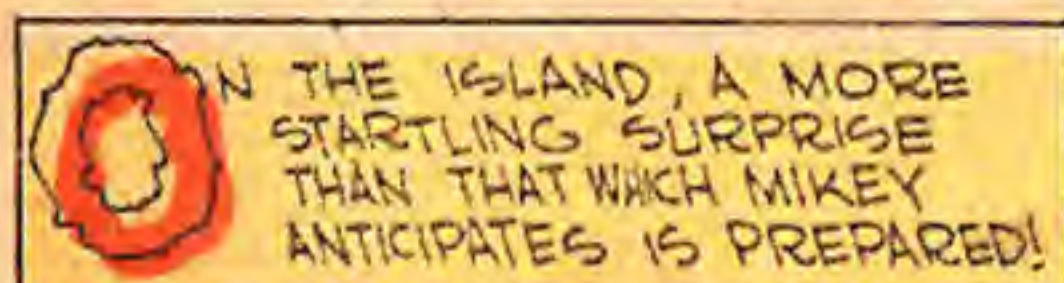
YEAH, VERY FUNNY! THEM SHARKS THINK IT'S FUNNY, TOO! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THEY HAVE ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW...TH' EATIN' SIDE O' THINGS!



TH HOURS LATER, AS DAWN RISES...



LAND! WILL TH' BOSS BE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAKES UP! MAYBE FRIENDLY NATIVES ARE THERE... MAYBE...



ON THE ISLAND, A MORE STARTLING SURPRISE THAN THAT WHICH MIKEY ANTICIPATES IS PREPARED!



OOMBAAH OONTAH HAKOAH OONTAH





SEE? NATIVES -  
THEY'RE COMIN' FOR  
US...!



COMING  
FOR US?  
I'LL SAY  
THEY ARE!!



GOSH!



HOW DO YOU LIKE HIS NERVE?---TH'  
CHIEF'S ANGRY BECAUSE I DODGED  
AND LOST HIS SPEAR FOR  
'IM!!

G-GOSH...  
I'D HATE TO FIND IT  
HIS WAY!---SKIPPER,  
WE'RE ON A SPOT!



**M**OMENTS LATER...

LOOK WHAT THEY'RE UP  
TO!-THEY'RE GOING TO  
TRAIL BERT'S BODY IN  
THE WATER...BUT THE  
SHARKS...THANK GOD,  
HE'S UNCONCIOUS!



**N-NO**...THEY  
COULDN'T...EVEN  
CANNIBALS DON'T  
COME THAT  
BLOODTHIRSTY!

MIKEY...  
ARE YOU  
THINKING  
OF WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN TO  
US?



YEAH--  
BUT I'M AFRAID  
TH' CHIEF'S  
GOT A  
BETTER  
IMAGIN-  
ATION  
THAN ME!

**A**ND ALL THAT  
REMAINS OF SGT.  
ALBERT WHITE, U.S.  
AIR CORPS, IS A  
SLIGHTLY BLOOD-  
TINGED PACIFIC  
OCEAN...



**L**ATER, THROUGH THE  
'STREETS' OF THE  
SAVAGE VILLAGE...

BOSS, FIRST WE THOUGHT  
JOE AN' LENNY WERE UNLUCKY  
GOING DOWN WITH THE  
PLANE. THEN SERGEANT  
WHITE, ATE UP BY SHARKS!  
NOW I THINK WE'RE THE  
UNLUCKY ONES! MIKE--



NOTICE HOW MANY  
LIZARD FETISHES  
THERE ARE IN  
THIS VILLAGE?





NOTICE  
'EM? WHAT  
DO YOU  
CALL THIS  
THING WE'RE  
COMIN' INTO?  
---A MOVIE  
THEATRE??

A GIANT LIZARD!  
WHAT IS THIS  
OBSESSION WITH  
LIZARDS? I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
IT---

YOU MEAN, QUEEN AND PRINCESS?  
THEY PROBABLY BELONG TO THE  
OLD MURDERER UP THERE!

**LIZARDS?** WHO CARES  
ABOUT LIZARDS?  
GET A LOAD O' THEM BABES  
NEAR THE JOIK! MOM AND DAUGHTER, HUH?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, WHEW! AN' I WUZ  
MIKE... THEY JUST  
WANT THE SO-  
CALLED HONOR  
OF ESCORTING US  
TO THE CHIEF--

THEY THINKIN' THEY  
WERE GOIN' TO  
EAT US WITHOUT  
THE BENEFIT O'  
ROASTIN'! ---  
AWRIGHT, BUB---  
TAKE IT  
EASY!



IS THIS WHAT YOU  
CALL ESCORTIN'?

THAT'S PROBABLY  
POLITENESS ---  
COMPARED TO WHAT'S  
COMING!!!



WELL, THANKS---THANKS!  
YOU LOOKED LIKE A GREAT,  
BIG, BEAUTIFUL DOLL, AND,  
BABY, YOU SURE ARE ONE!!



WATCH IT, MIKEY!  
BIG CHIEF NO  
LIKE!

**SHUNTAK!**

GOLLY!



LOOK, SAM---MOMMA  
COMES TO THE RESCUE!  
WOT A GAL!



**B**UT AS IF WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE---

TOO BAD! THE MONSTER HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

OH.

**BRASHA**

WHY, YOU DIRTY---  
LET ME G-GO---!

DIDJA SEE TH' LOOK SHE GAVE TH' BIG CHEESE? IF I EVER SEEN MURDER IN A DAME'S EYES, IT'S IN HER'S!

WHERE TO NOW? WE GOIN' BYE-BYE AGAIN?

MAYBE THIS TIME FOR **GOOD**, JUDGING BY HIS GESTURES!!

TO ME IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEFIN' SOMETHIN' 'BOUT FOOD---ABOUT **EATIN'**! G-GOSH, SAM--- YOU DON'T THINK---?

I DON'T KNOW... IT SURE **LOOKS** LIKE THAT. IT'S A CINCHE HE ISN'T FEEDING **US!**

**T**HEN, OUT OF THE TEMPLE, THROUGH THE VILLAGE AND ITS MYSTERIOUS WALL, INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE...

WONDER WHAT THAT WALL IS FOR? A PROTECTION OF SOME KIND---BUT AGAINST **WHAT?**

LOOKA THAT---LIKE **LUNA PARK!**

BUT A LOT LESS FUN, MIKE! I'VE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE... **OUR LINE!!**



AND WOT'S HE DOIN' ON TH' TOP O' THIS THING?---GIVIN' TH' STATUE A HOTHEAD?

NO---HE MUST BE PREPARING A SIGNAL OF SOME KIND!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, MIKE? RECOGNIZE THE ODOR OF THE STUFF HE'S BURNING?---IT'S SOME KIND O' FAT!

THAT SMELLS AWFUL!---WHAT'S IT MEAN, SAM?

AS THE ODOR DRIFTS ACROSS THE JUNGLE, IT'LL PROBABLY BE SNIFFED BY SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY WHO'S GOT A DIGESTIVE INTEREST IN US!



**T**HE VILLAGERS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES! ALL EXCEPT NIKA, THE CHIEF...NIKA AND HIS BODYGUARDS REMAIN TO WITNESS THE SACRIFICE!



**H**OURS LATER, AS NIGHT DESCENDS UPON THE JUNGLE---

WOTTA SPOT!---THAT SMELL ALL AROUND US, AND I CAN'T EVEN HOLD ME NOSE!

WHATEVER'S COMING FOR US, OBVIOUSLY PROWLs AROUND ONLY AT NIGHT--A WHOLE DAY'S PASSED!



**B**UT SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE FATHOMLESS JUNGLE, THE ODOR IS FINALLY PERCEIVED---



S-SAM---DIDJA HEAR THAT!

YEAH---NO MISTAKE NOW, MIKE!---SOMETHING THAT ISN'T HUMAN'S COMING FOR US!





**T**HE SOUND IS ALSO  
HEARD BY THE  
VIGILANT SAVAGES,  
WHEN---

**GRRRR RR**

**S**UDDENLY,  
**DEATH**  
STRIKES  
FROM  
NO-  
WHERE

**THU-UK**

**A NOWHERE**  
**THAT**  
**MATERIALIZES**  
**IN BEAUTIFULLY**  
**SAVAGE FORM**

**HPLA**

**Aii**

THAT'S WHAT ALL  
THE SCREAMING WAS  
ABOUT ---! THE  
DAMES'RE RESCUING  
US, TH' DARLIN'S!

GREAT SCOTT,  
MIKE ---  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

**A**FTER BINDING NIKA TO THE  
SACRIFICIAL POST, THE  
FOUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS  
HEAR THE THUNDERING  
ROARS GETTING CLOSER!

THEY DIDN'T  
ARRIVE A SEC  
TO SOON,  
SAM ---!

**RRRRR RRR**



**T**HEN, CRASHING  
THRU THE  
JUNGLE INTO THE  
CLEARING---

**RRRRR**



SAM! **LOOK!**  
THAT'S  
WHAT WE'RE  
MISSIN'!

**GIANT LIZARDS!  
MANEATING  
LIZARDS---**

THAT'S WHAT ALL  
THIS LIZARD  
WORSHIP'S ABOUT!



WHEW! THEY  
MUST BE BLIND,  
NOT SEEING US  
GO PAST SO  
CLOSE TO  
THEM!

THAT'S IT!  
THAT EXPLAINS  
THE **FAT  
BURNING!**  
THE MONSTERS  
ARE BLIND...  
LUCKILY FOR  
US!



**A**S THE AMERICANS WITH NATIVE  
ESCORT RACE TO FREEDOM,  
NIKA BEGINS TO REALIZE THE  
MEANING OF---

**RRRRR**



9

## SACRIFICE



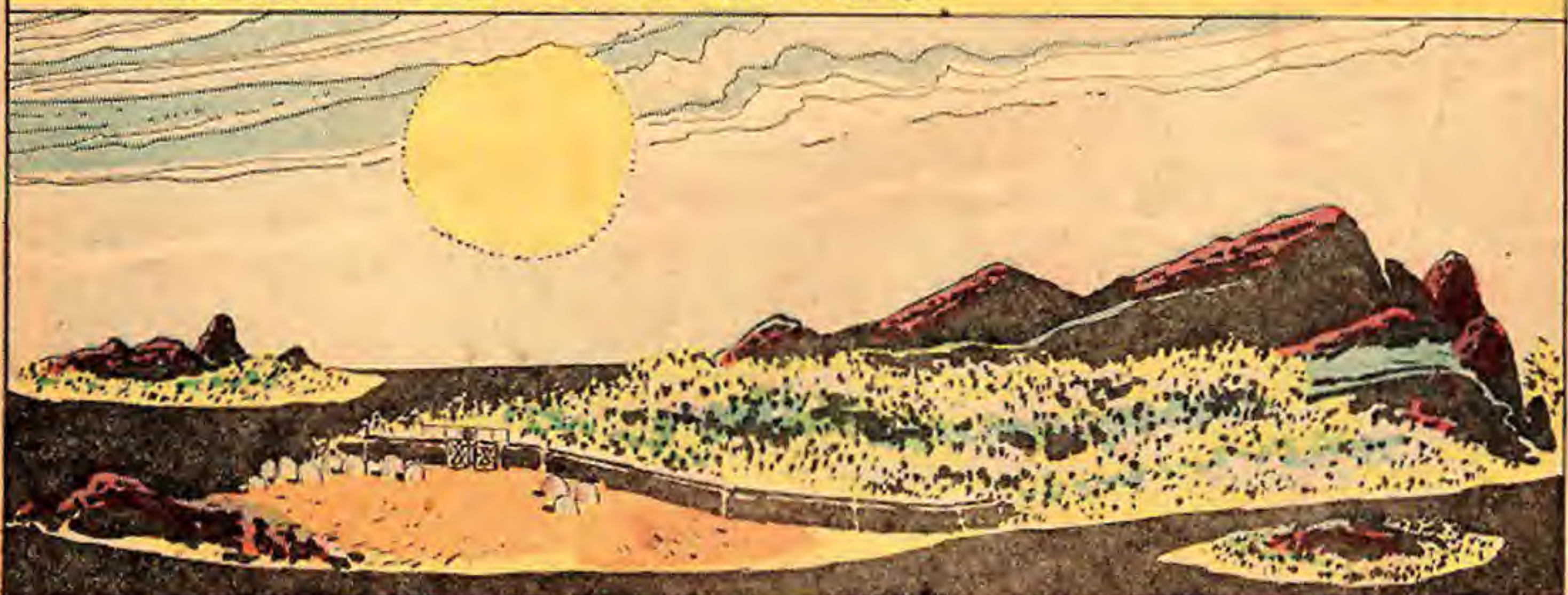
**A**S THE SKY REDDENS WITH DAWN, FAR  
OUT AT SEA, FAR FROM THE  
ISLAND OF THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS--

FIRST THEY SAVE US  
FROM SOLVING THE  
MEAT SHORTAGE FOR  
LIZARDS, THEN THEY  
TELL US WHERE TO  
FIND PEACEFUL NATIVES!  
LAST OF ALL, THEY'RE  
**NUTS** ABOUT US!-  
WHAT COULD BE  
SWEETER, SAM?

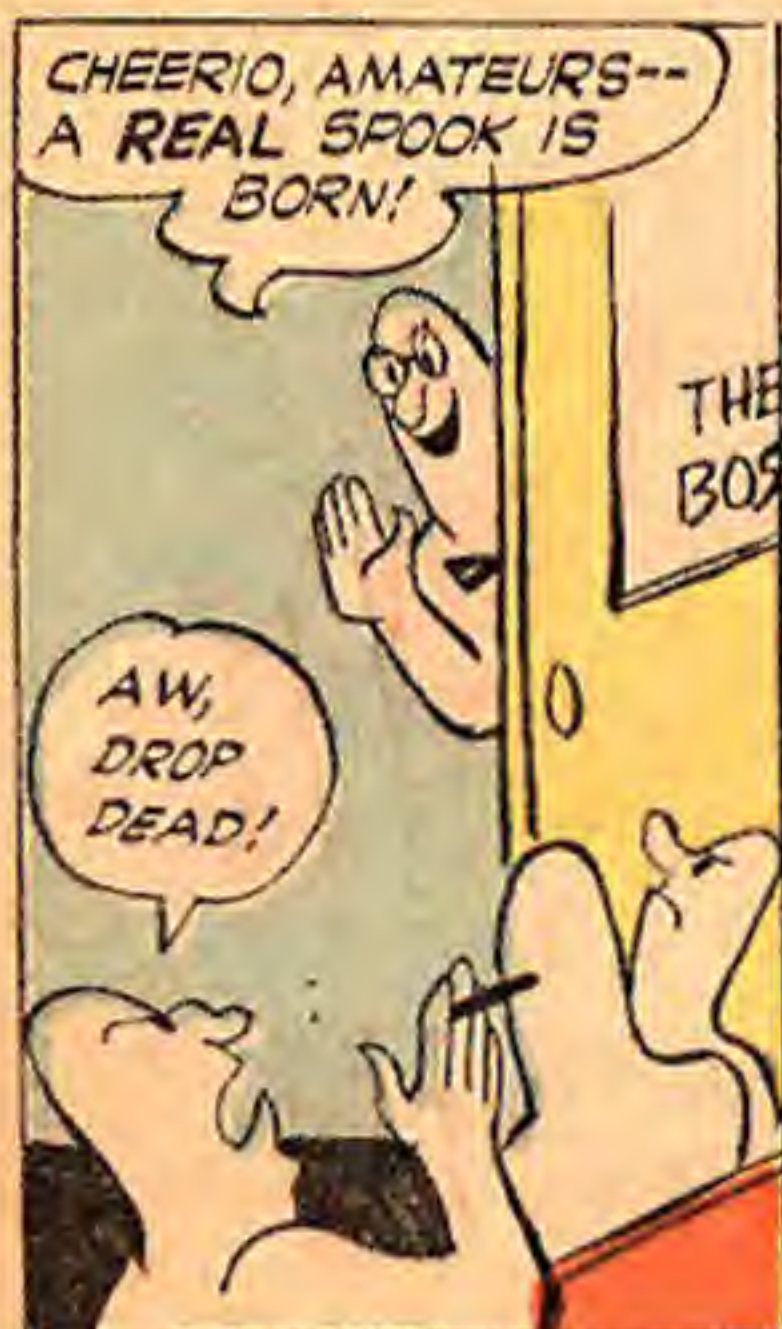
THE REPORT I'M  
MAKING OUT WHEN  
WE GET BACK TO  
BASE! THE U.S.A.  
HAS A LOT OF  
BARBARISM TO  
WIPE OUT AND A  
LOT OF LIZARD-  
HUNTING TO DO,  
BEFORE THIS OLD  
PACIFIC OCEAN IS  
REALLY PEACEFUL!!



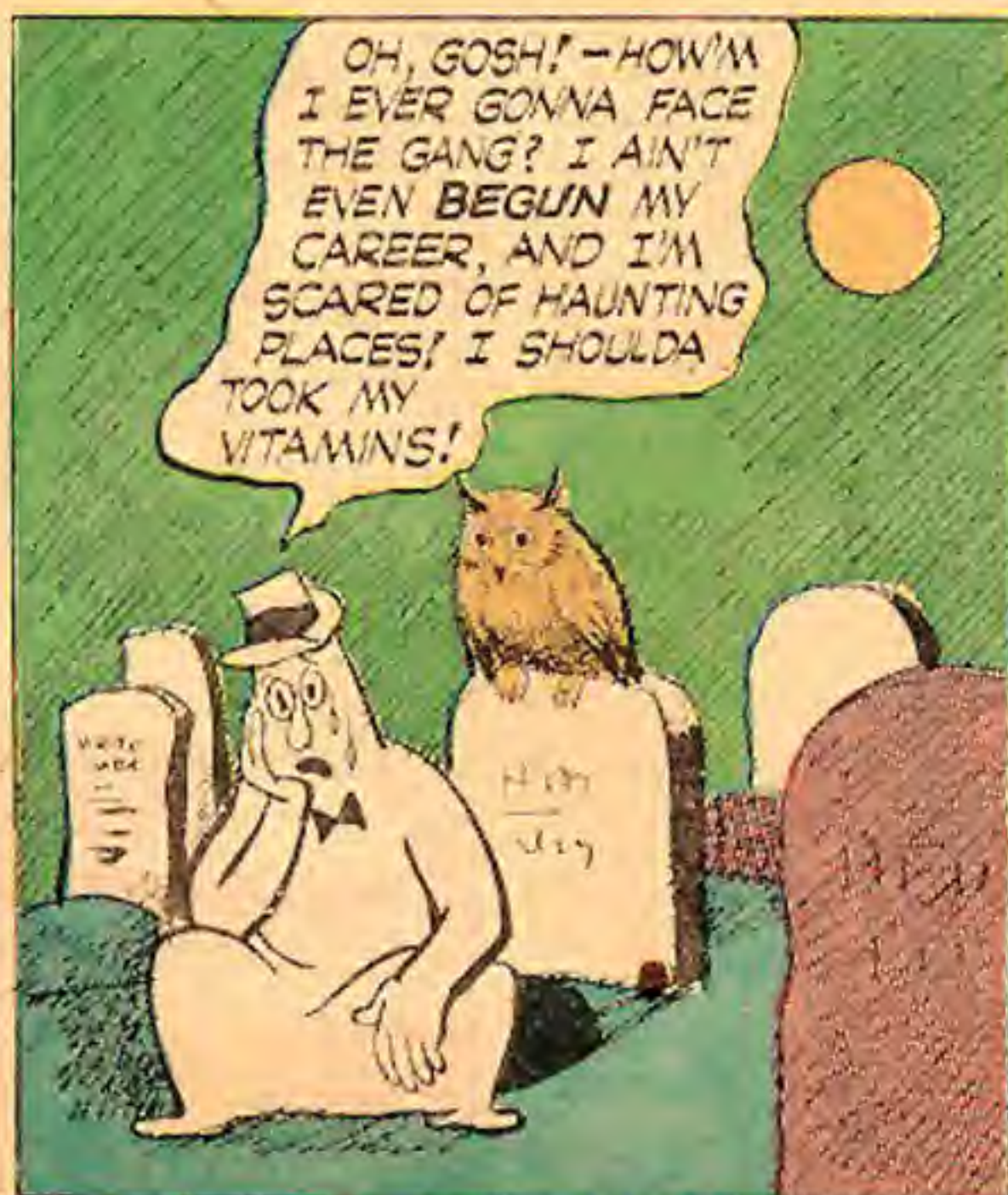
**S**AM AND MIKE REACHED THEIR BASE A FEW DAYS LATER.. A BOMBER SQUADRON MAKES  
SHORT WORK OF THE ISLAND'S STRANGE, BLOODTHIRSTY INHABITANTS ---AND NOW, THE  
ISLAND LIES PEACEFULLY ON THE VAST PACIFIC















The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet gaze led Mr. Grohson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grohson wondered what Mrs. Grohson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grohson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He look down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grohson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of explaining his actions.

The girl did not reply. She took a

seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grohson frequently mused, only a *guiltless* man could be so unsubtle as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grohson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with *Mrs. Brougham*? And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her *tragedy*?" repeated Grohson.

"You may be curious why we keep





the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grohson and Grohson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grohson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grohson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this *open door* got to do with your sister's *tragedy*?"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river . . . where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into something stumbingly pathetic. "Poor Helen always thinks that her husband and son will *come*

*back* one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grohson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I *myself* get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door—"

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grohson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham flurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you?" she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grohson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have *you* any children, Mr. Grohson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grohson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to



enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling!—Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And *the door!* . . . That door would be open forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. "*They're coming!*" she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amazement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I heard them *distinctly!* Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the fire, terror crystallizing in their ashen-pale faces. They screamed simultaneously, as a little

child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid mackinaw took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrieking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham!—Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

"Why are you all . . . l-laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh?—Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a *very strange illusion!*



# MYSTERY MURDER MANOR



THROUGHOUT LOUISIANA, THE MURDER MANOR WAS A NAME SYMBOLIZING TERROR!

MANY A DEAD MAN KNEW ITS SECRET BUT NO LIVING MAN !!!

BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS FROM LEARNING THE "MYSTERY OF MURDER MANOR!"

A TROPICAL GALE CATCHES JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS WHILE THEY GO EXPLORING LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY --

I'D RATHER STAY ON THE WATER THAN ON THIS HAUNTED LAND, JOHNNY!

BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY LEGEND ABOUT MURDER MANOR?... NONSENSE!



IT'S BETTER TO SEEK SHELTER IN MURDER MANOR THAN TO DROWN IN SNAKE CREEK! THIS'S ONE OF THE WORST GALES I'VE EVER BEEN IN!

WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU THAT A LOT OF MEN HAVE GONE INTO MURDER MANOR-- BUT NONE'S COME OUT!

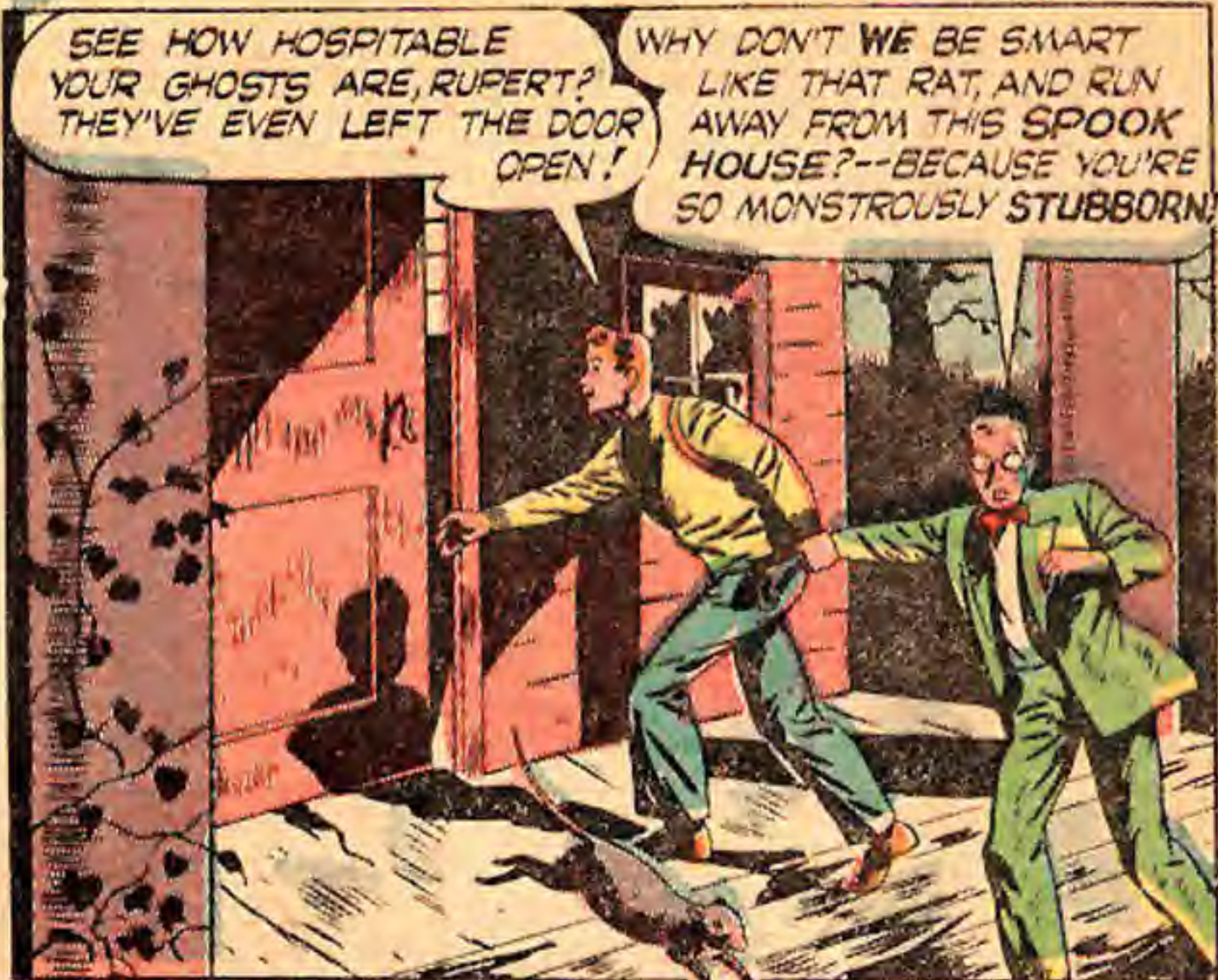






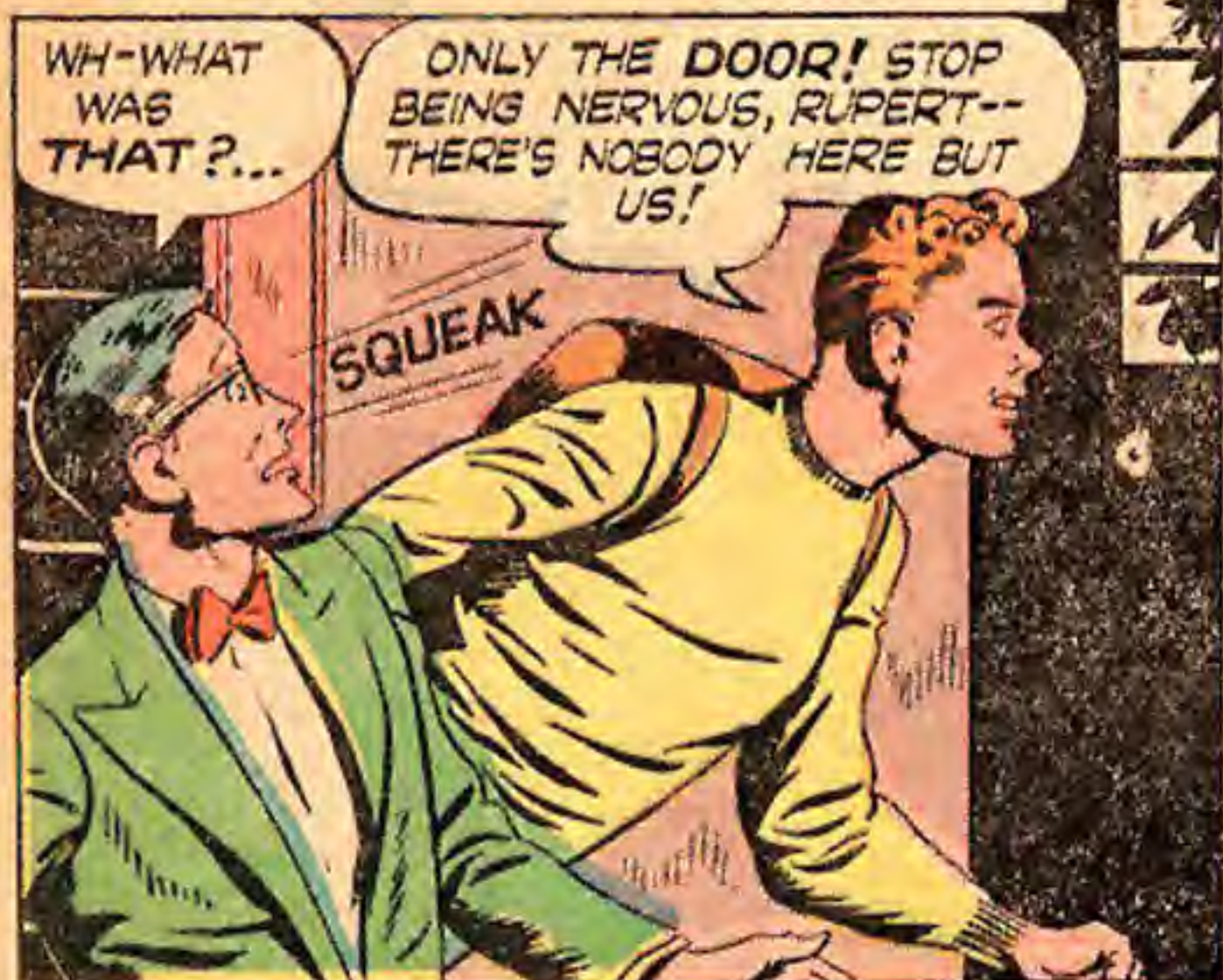
THERE'S MURDER MANOR, NOW!

THEN LET'S GET AWAY WHILE WE STILL HAVE THE CHANCE!!



SEE HOW HOSPITABLE YOUR GHOSTS ARE, RUPERT? THEY'VE EVEN LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!

WHY DON'T WE BE SMART LIKE THAT RAT, AND RUN AWAY FROM THIS SPOOK HOUSE?--BECAUSE YOU'RE SO MONSTROUSLY STUBBORN!



WH-WHAT WAS THAT?...

ONLY THE DOOR! STOP BEING NERVOUS, RUPERT-- THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!

SQUEAK



I'M NOT SO SURE-- NOBODY'S HERE-- WHAT ABOUT GHOSTS?

...I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!



NICE AND DRY FOR A BROKEN-DOWN HOUSE! IT'LL DO US FOR THE NIGHT!

J-JOHNNY! L-LOOK!!



A DEAD MAN!! H-HANGED!



DEAD ABOUT A WEEK, I'D SAY! BUT... WHY?

YOU-- YOU AREN'T GOING TO STOP TO FIND OUT--A-ARE YOU, J-JOHNNY?





I CERTAINLY AM! I'M SEARCHING THIS HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!



SUDDENLY---

FOOLS!  
LEAVE  
THIS  
HOUSE  
-- OR  
DIE!!

THE G-GHOST'S  
V-VOICE!!



THAT VOICE HAD A QUEER, HIGH-PITCHED RING THAT WASN'T HUMAN!

OF COURSE IT WASN'T HUMAN! I TOLD YOU--IT'S A GHOST'S VOICE! LET'S GO-- ANY STORM'S BETTER THAN THIS AWFUL PLACE!



YOU KNOW THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANOR, RUPERT--I DON'T! WHAT IS IT?

LAST CENTURY, SOMEBODY BROUGHT PIRATE TREASURE TO MURDER MANOR, AND BURIED IT HERE.

--THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF PIRATES ALL OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO--ONE OF THEM THOUGHT OF HIDING HIS GOLD IN THIS DESERTED MANSION!--EVER SINCE THEN, ANY MAN WHO'S COME TO MURDER MANOR GOT MURDERED --OR--OR-- SOMETHING!



IT'S A CINCH THE ORIGINAL PIRATE ISN'T ALIVE TO CAUSE ALL THE KILLING!.. NOBODY LIVES A CENTURY!

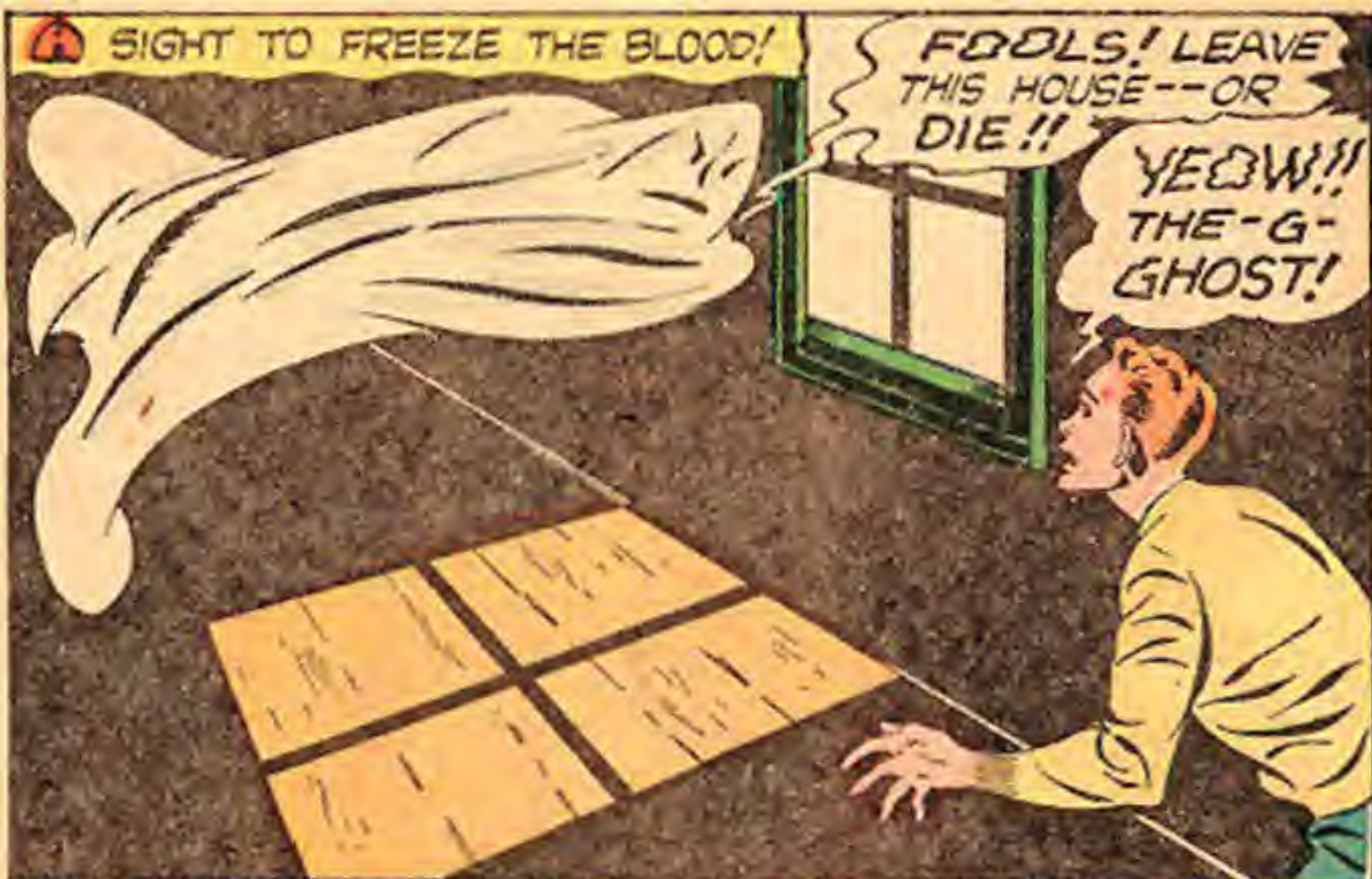
BUT A GHOST CAN!!



THAT "GHOST'S" VOICE CAME FROM UP HERE! I'LL SOON SEE WHETHER A BODY GOES ALONG WITH THAT VOICE!

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, JOHNNY! COME BACK!!..OH, YOU DUMB ATHLETE, YOU!









TRY TO GET MY TREASURE, WILL YOU? TRY IT-- AND DIE!!



J-JOHNNY! H-HELP!!

NOBODY CAN HELP YOU NOW! HEH-HEH! THE GHOST GOT JOHNNY! JOHNNY'S DEAD!



...NOT YET, MY HANDSOME FRIEND!



OH-H-H!

KNOCKED YOURSELF SILLY, EH? GOOD!

CRACK!

SMASH-H

URGH-H



OOO-OO-O! WHAT A CRACK!

NOW TO CUT YOUR THROAT! CUT-THROAT FASHION!

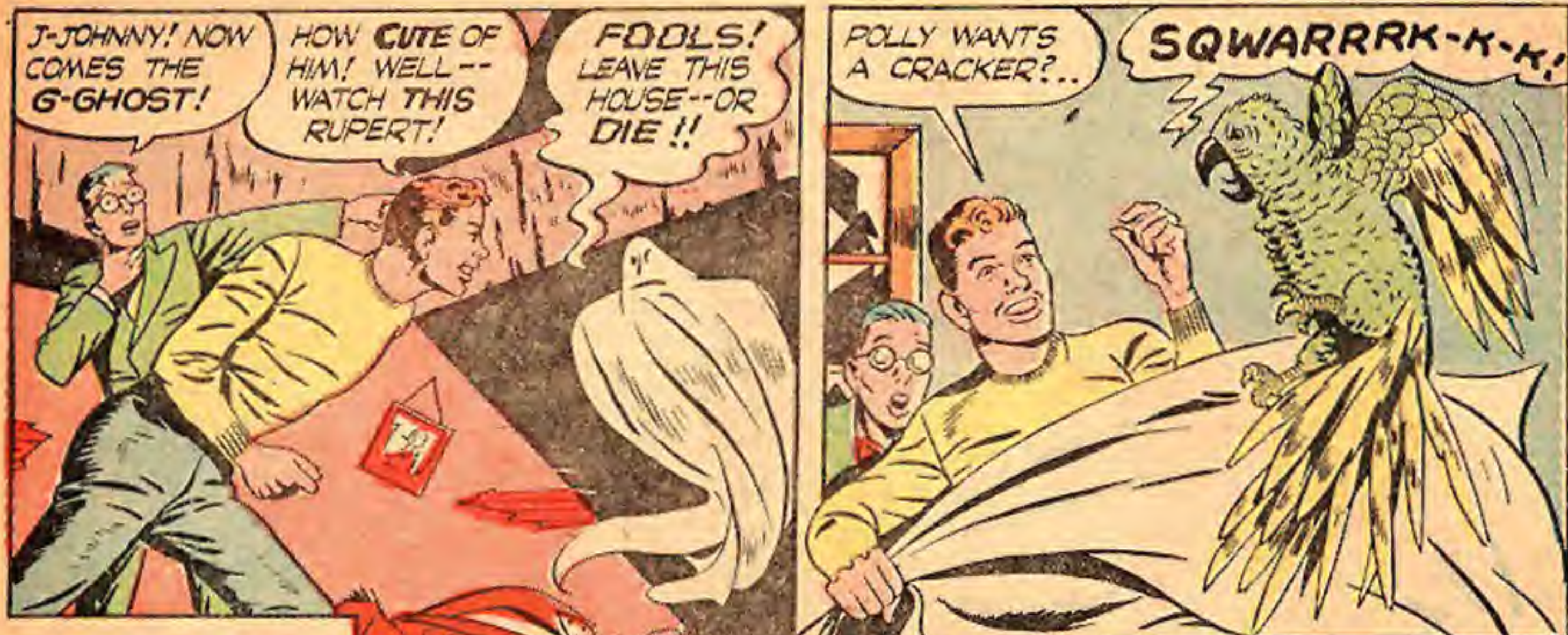


MY FAVORITE CONFEDERATE GENERAL! "BOB LEE"! HERE TO HELP A SON OF THE SOUTH!



HERE'S THE KIND OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WE DISH OUT TO THE LIKES OF YOU!





J-JOHNNY! NOW COMES THE G-GHOST!

HOW CUTE OF HIM! WELL-- WATCH THIS RUPERT!

FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!

POLLY WANTS A CRACKER?..

SQWARRRK-K-K!

WHEN I HEARD OUR "GHOST" REPEAT THE SAME THING-- AND SAW IT FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE SHEET-- I SUSPECTED IT WAS ONLY A BIRD WITH AN ILL OMEN--! A PARROT!

FOOLS! LEAVE THIS HOUSE--OR DIE!!

MY TREASURE! I-I MUST SEE IF MY TREASURE IS SAFE!

SH-H! WE'LL TRAIL HIM--! I WANT TO LOOK AT THIS FAMOUS TREASURE!

MY LOVELY, LOVELY GOLD! STILL HERE! YOU'RE MINE!-- ALL MINE! NOBODY CAN TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME! EMERALDS! PEARLS!-- MILLIONS OF GOLD PIECES! ALL MINE!

COME ON, RUPERT! LET'S SEE THESE RICHES!



NO! NO! DON'T TAKE MY TREASURE FROM ME--!

THIS OLD SEAMAN IS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED, RUPERT!..TREASURE? THESE ARE ONLY WORTHLESS PEBBLES AND SEA SHELLS!

SOMEHOW, YEARS AGO, THIS LOONY SEAMAN MUST'VE HEARD OF THE LEGEND OF MURDER MANOR, AND TRIED TO MAKE IT COME TRUE! HE TAUGHT HIS PARROT TO SCREAM AND TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY--!

--HE KILLED THAT POOR TRAMP UPSTAIRS IN THE LIBRARY--AND WOULD'VE KILLED US--THINKING WE WERE AFTER HIS FOOL'S GOLD! RUPERT, NOW WE CAN TELL THE POLICE THE MYSTERY OF MURDER MANSION!





# THE STRANGE CASE OF HENPECKED HARRY



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN -- "THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY" ???

G-GOSH! SHE'LL EAT MY HEAD OFF -- I'M SO LATE!

HA-HA! THERE GOES SCAIRDY-CAT HORTON!

WHATSA MATTER, MR. HORTON? SCARED YER WIFE'LL BEAT YA UP AGAIN?

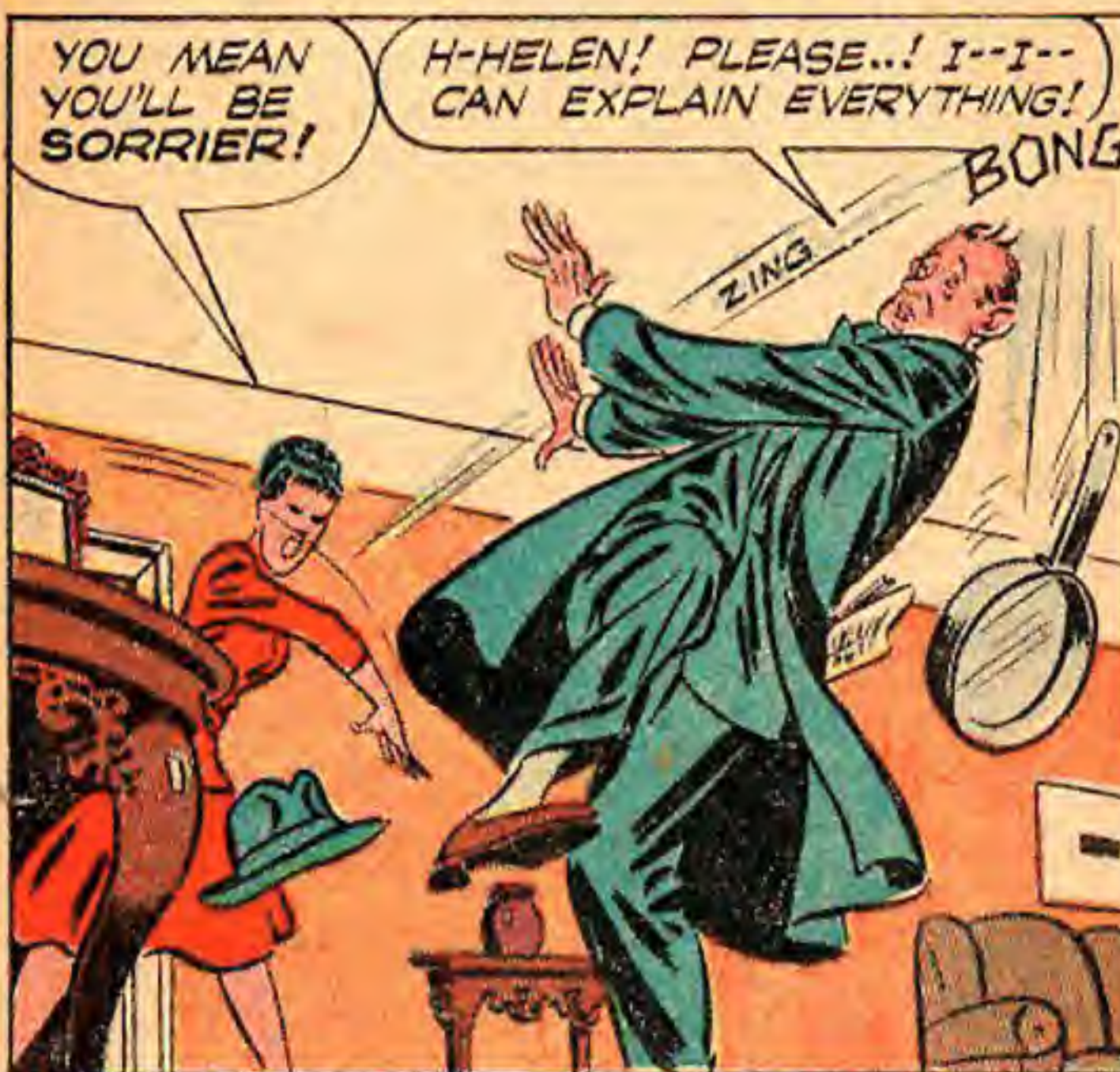


CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO COME DOWN -- I'LL RUN THE SIX FLIGHTS!

THAT'S THE MR. HORTON I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! HE'S RUNNIN' CAUSE HE'S LATE!









LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!!  
**ALL** THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT  
THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT  
IT... IT'S  
**RUIINED!**

G-GOSH, HOW DID  
THAT HAPPEN...?



HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBECILE!?!  
HOW DO **ALL** THE STUPID THINGS YOU  
DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUMB-  
SKULL - A TORTURER, A CURSE ON MY  
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...  
BUT...



BUT... **YEOWWW!**

**YOU'RE KNOCKING  
OVER THE  
LAMP!**



I-I-I-C-COULDN'T  
HELP IT, HELEN!  
I DIDN'T SEE--  
**OWWW!**

**IDIOT!  
YOU  
IDIOT!  
YOU  
DELIBER-  
ATELY SMASHED  
MY BEST  
LAMP!**



**WHAM**

**OWWW** N-NO!  
DON'T!

I'LL TEACH  
YOU TO BE  
CLUMSY!

THEY'RE  
BETTER'N EVER  
TONIGHT!

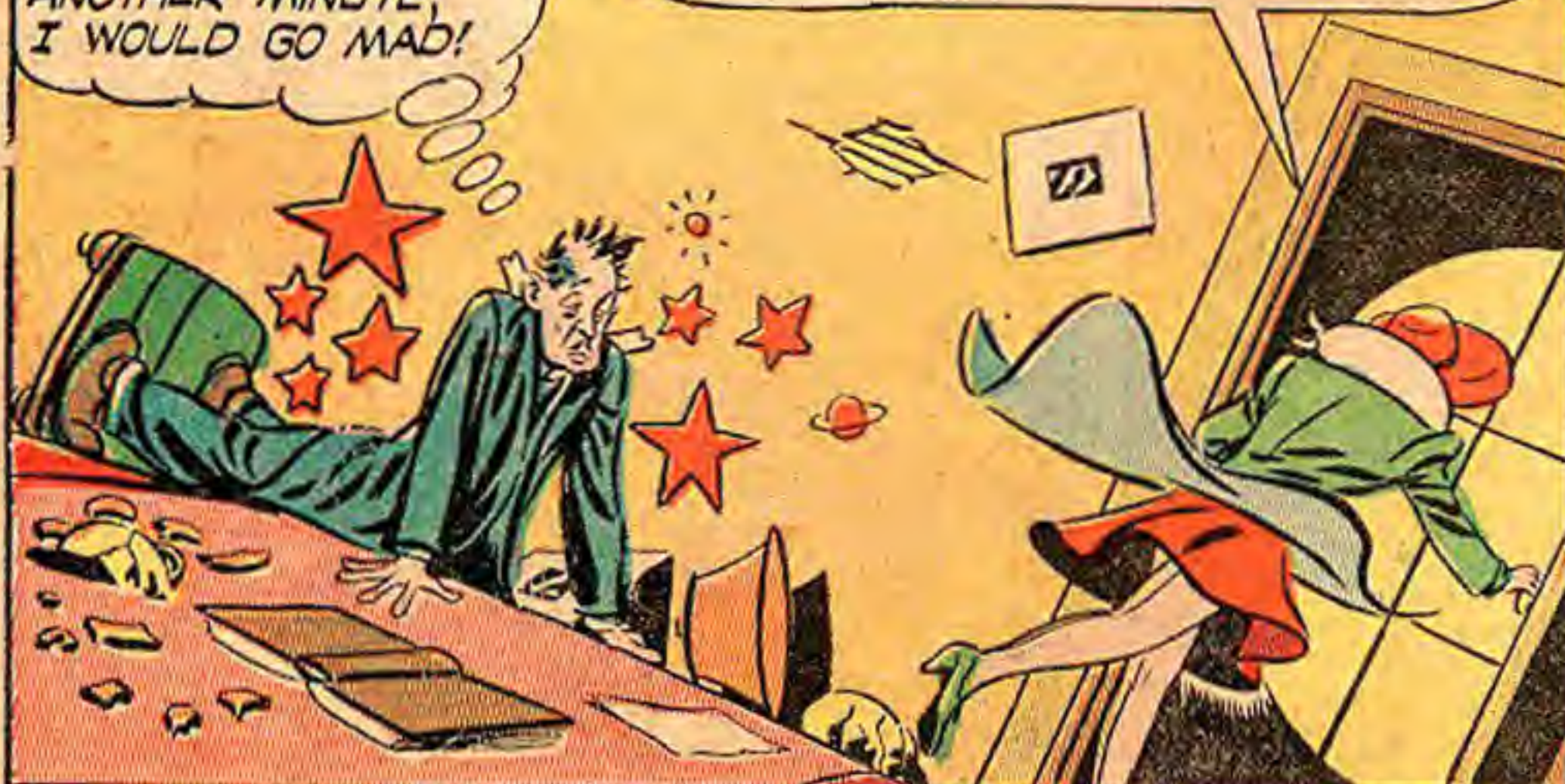
IT'S A DISGRACE!  
SOMEBODY OUGHT  
TO CALL THE  
POLICE!



**HALF HOUR LATER...**

THANK GOD SHE'S  
LEAVING... IF I  
HEARD HER VOICE  
ANOTHER MINUTE,  
I WOULD GO MAD!

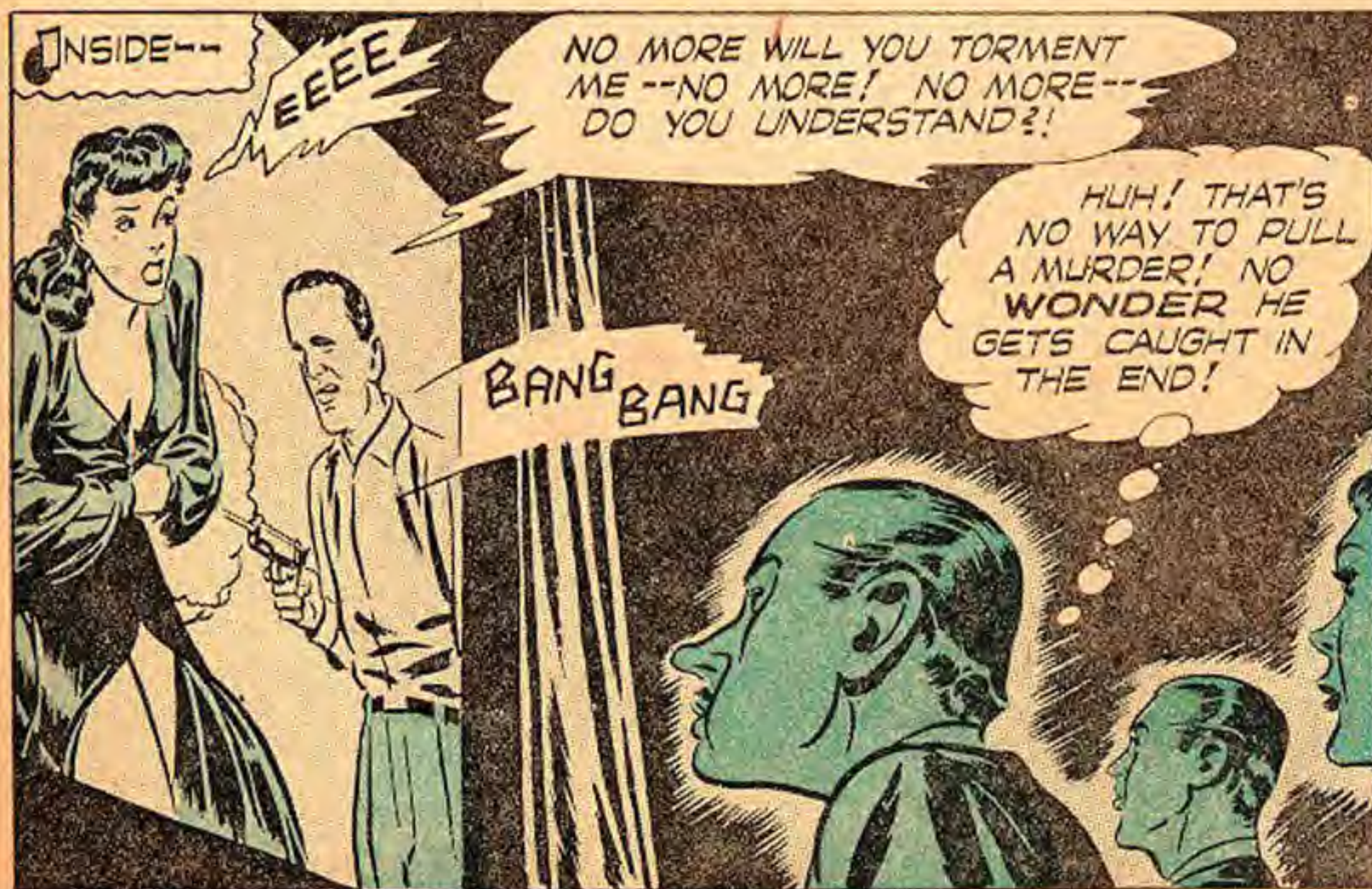
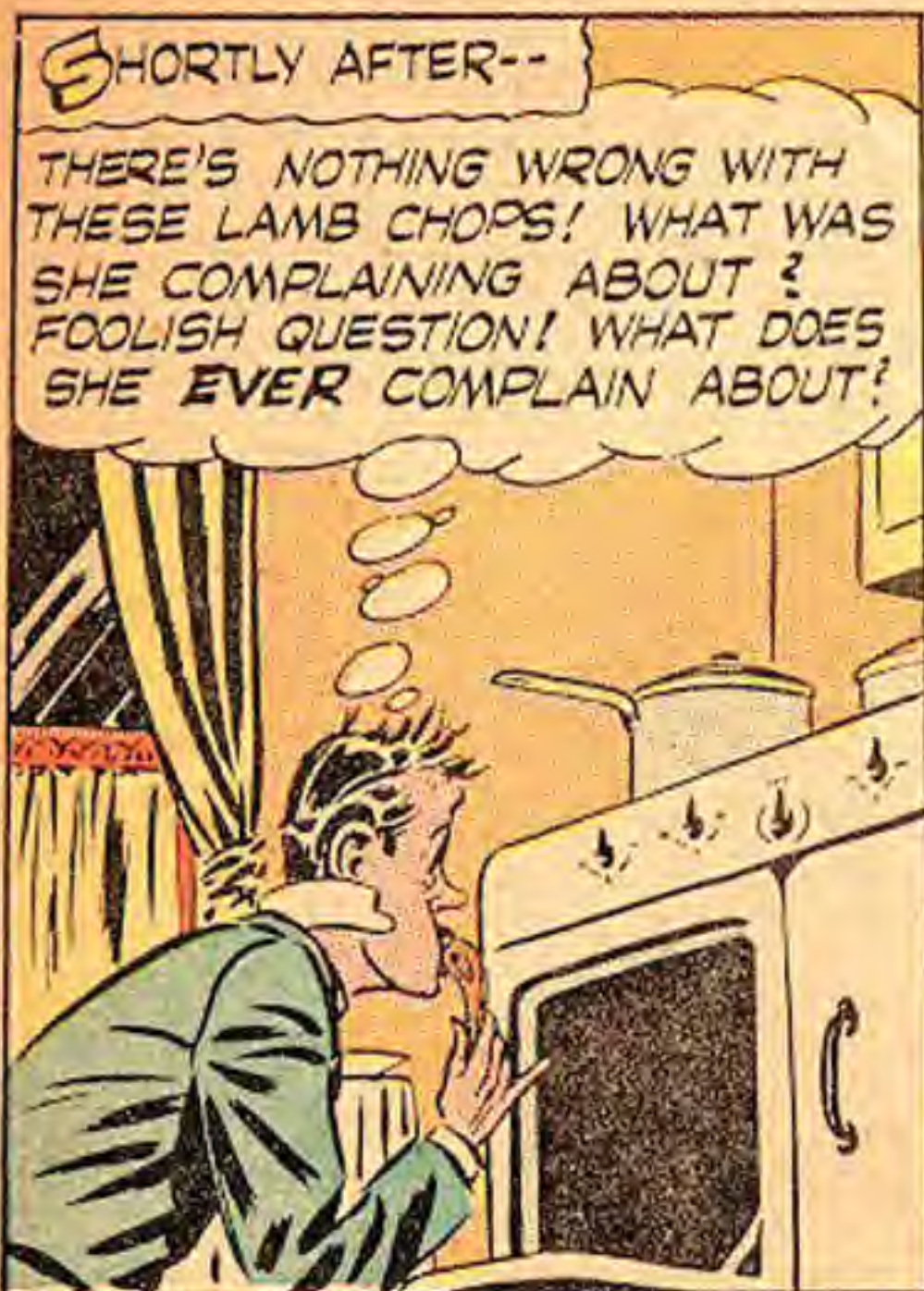
--AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING  
**HERE** ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A  
NUMBSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER  
THAN I THINK YOU ARE! --AND YOU  
**KNOW** HOW CRAZY THAT IS!



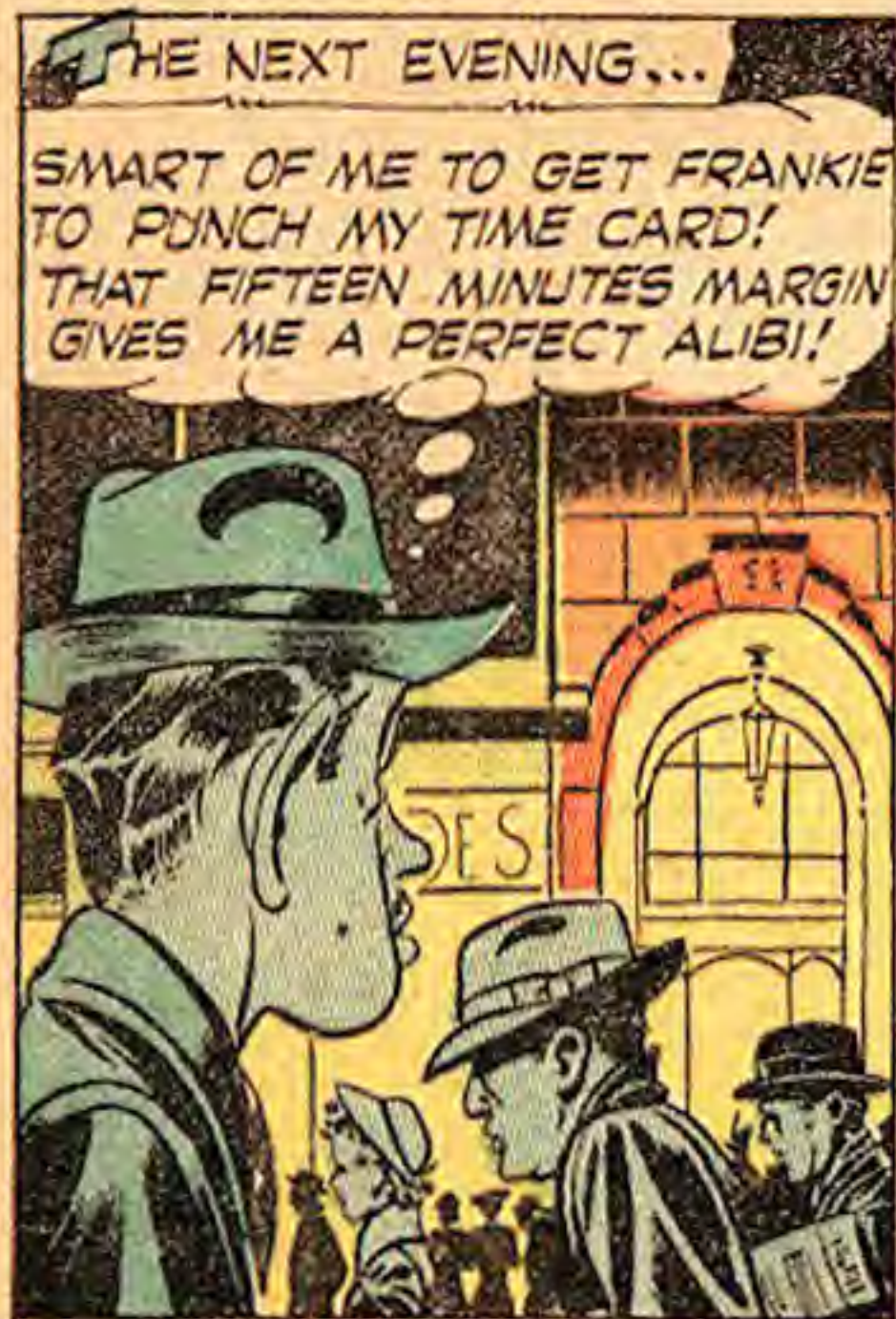
...MAD AS A  
**MURDERER!**



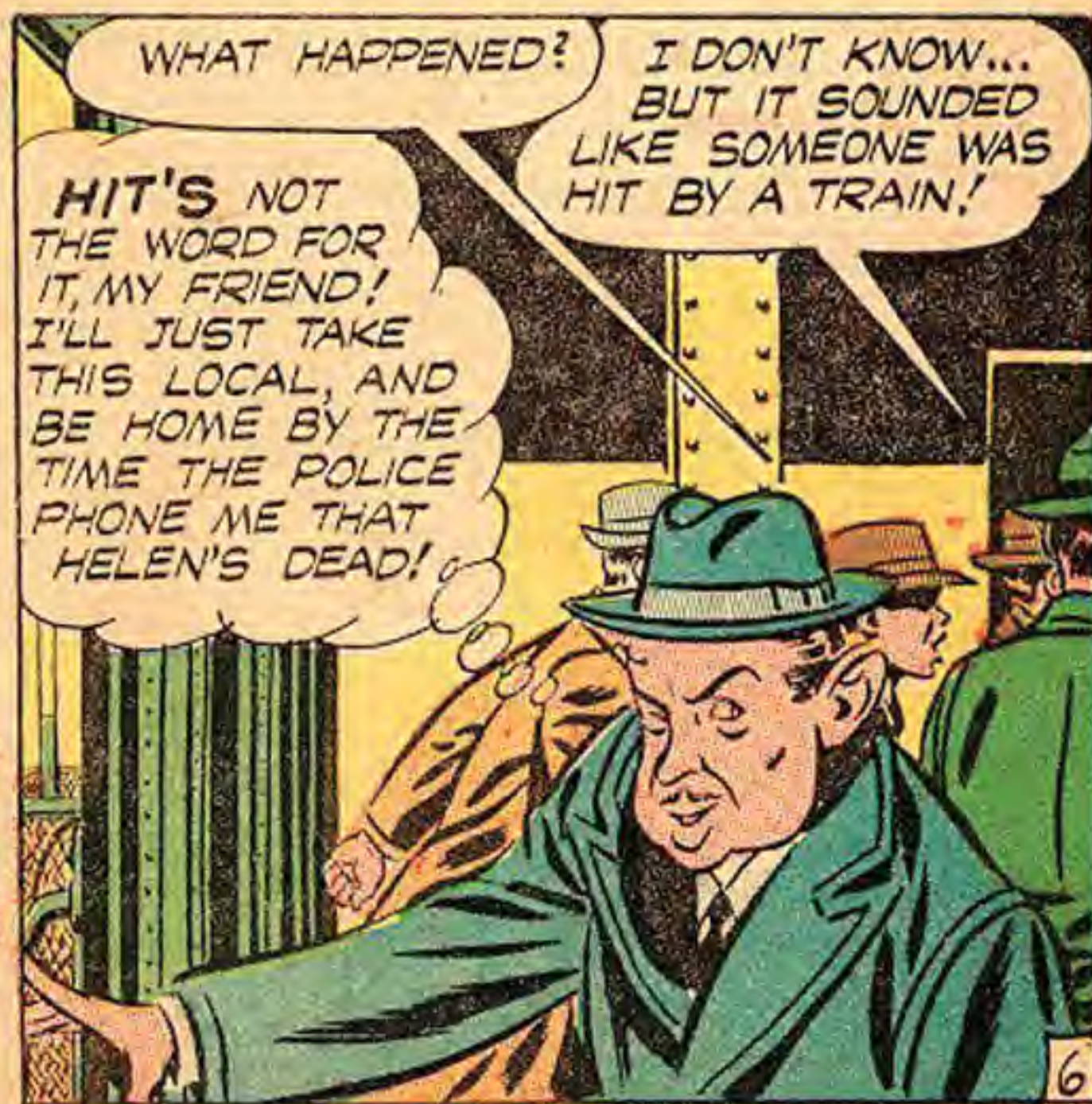
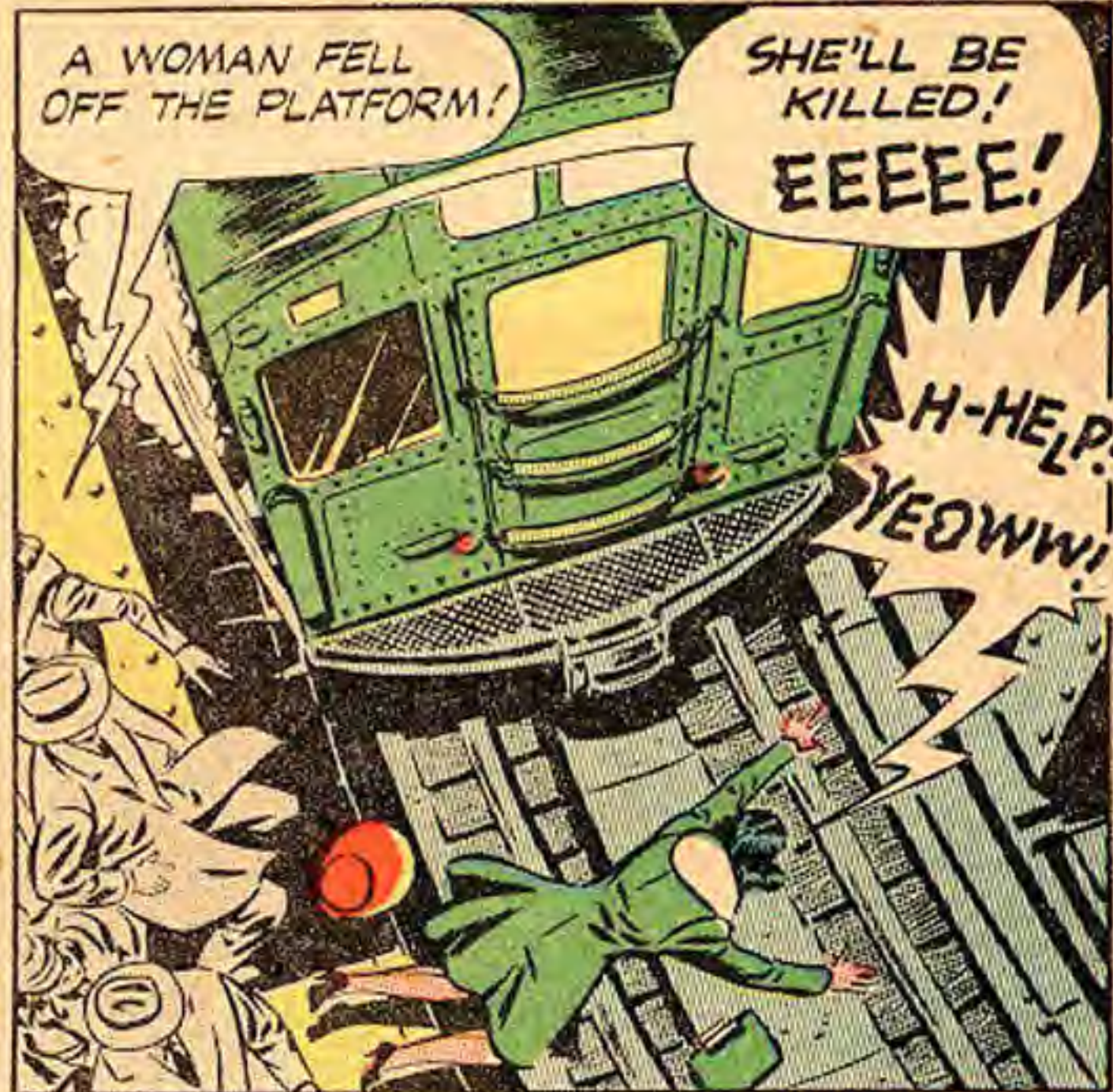
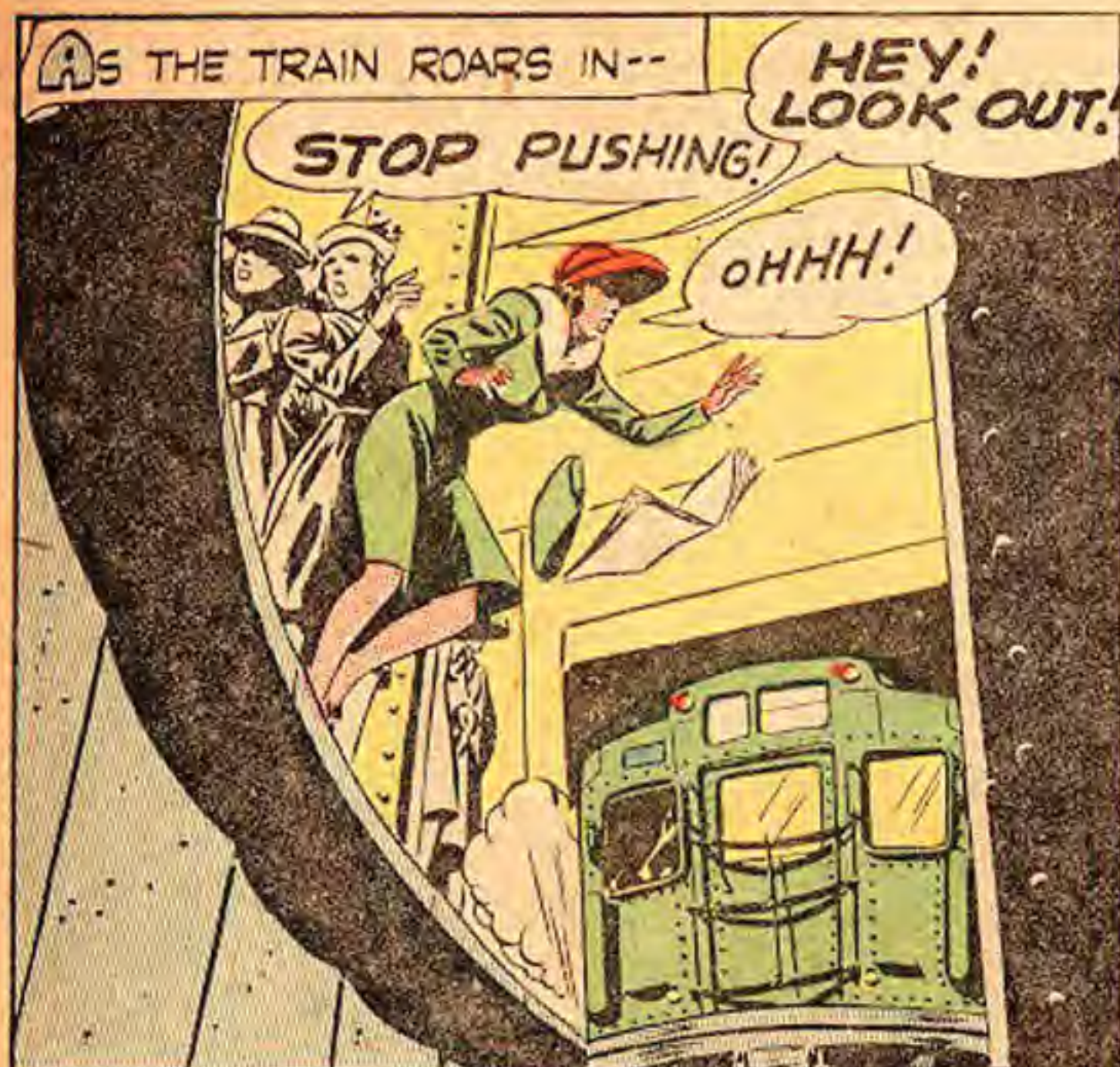




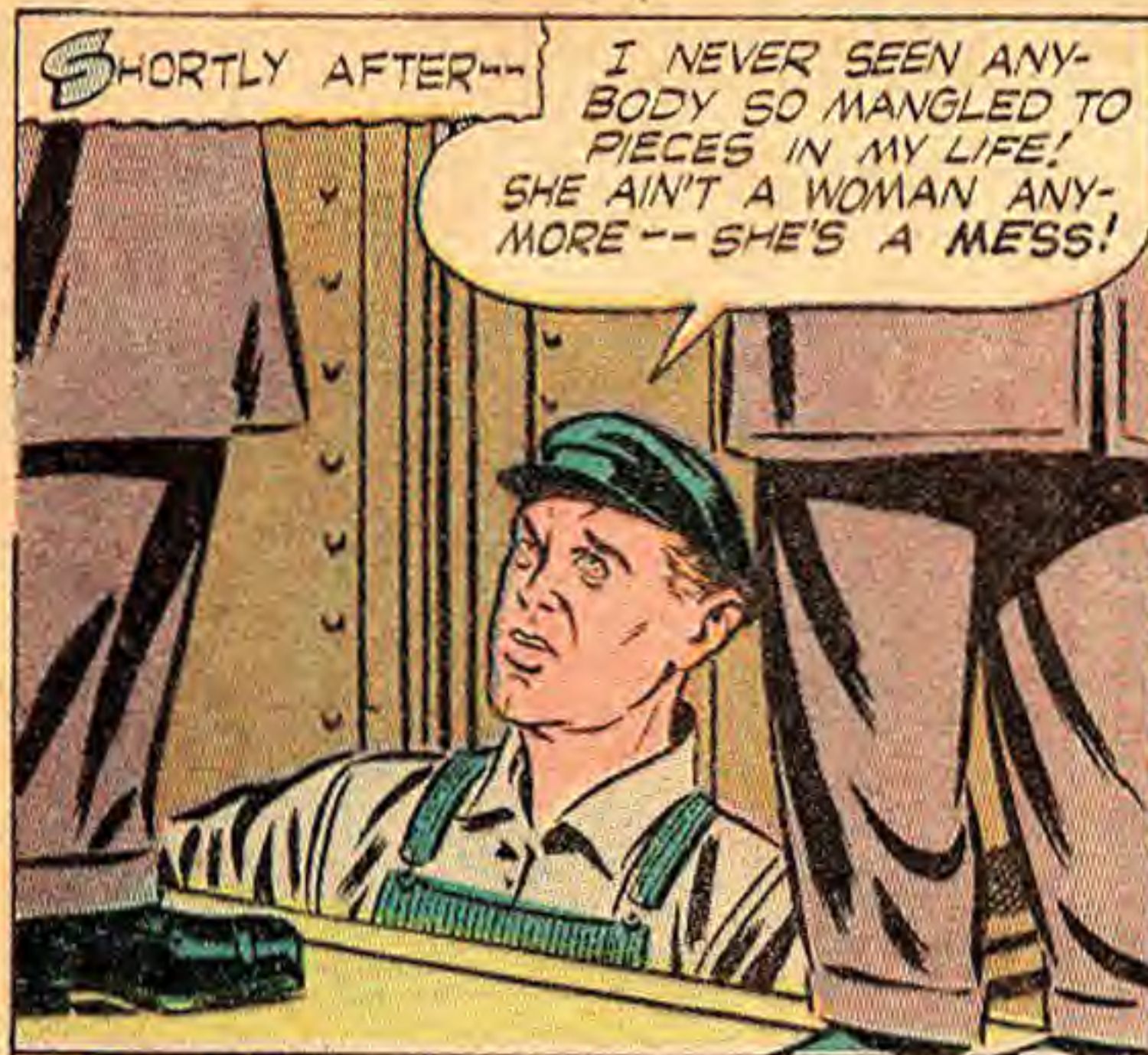




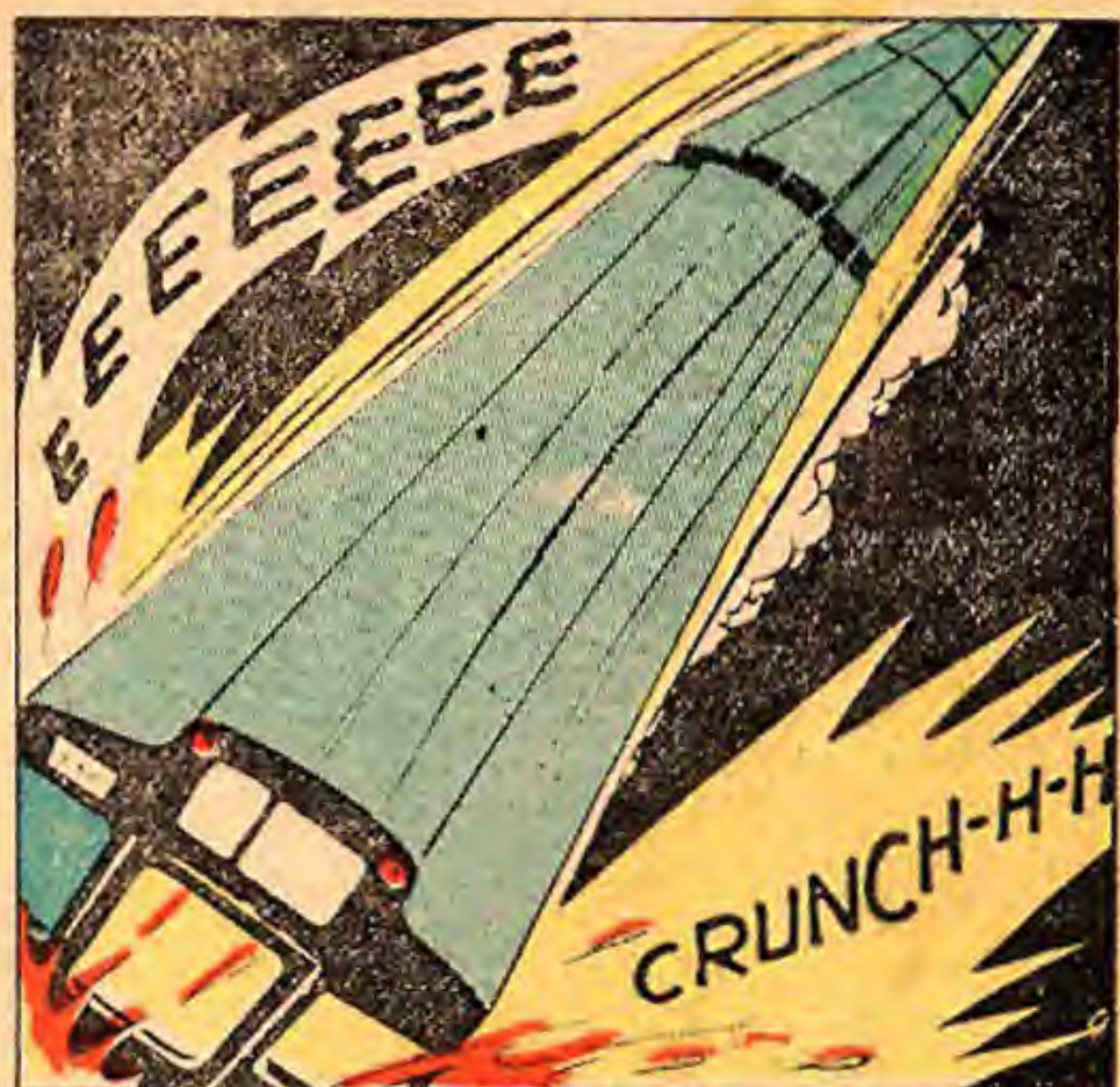
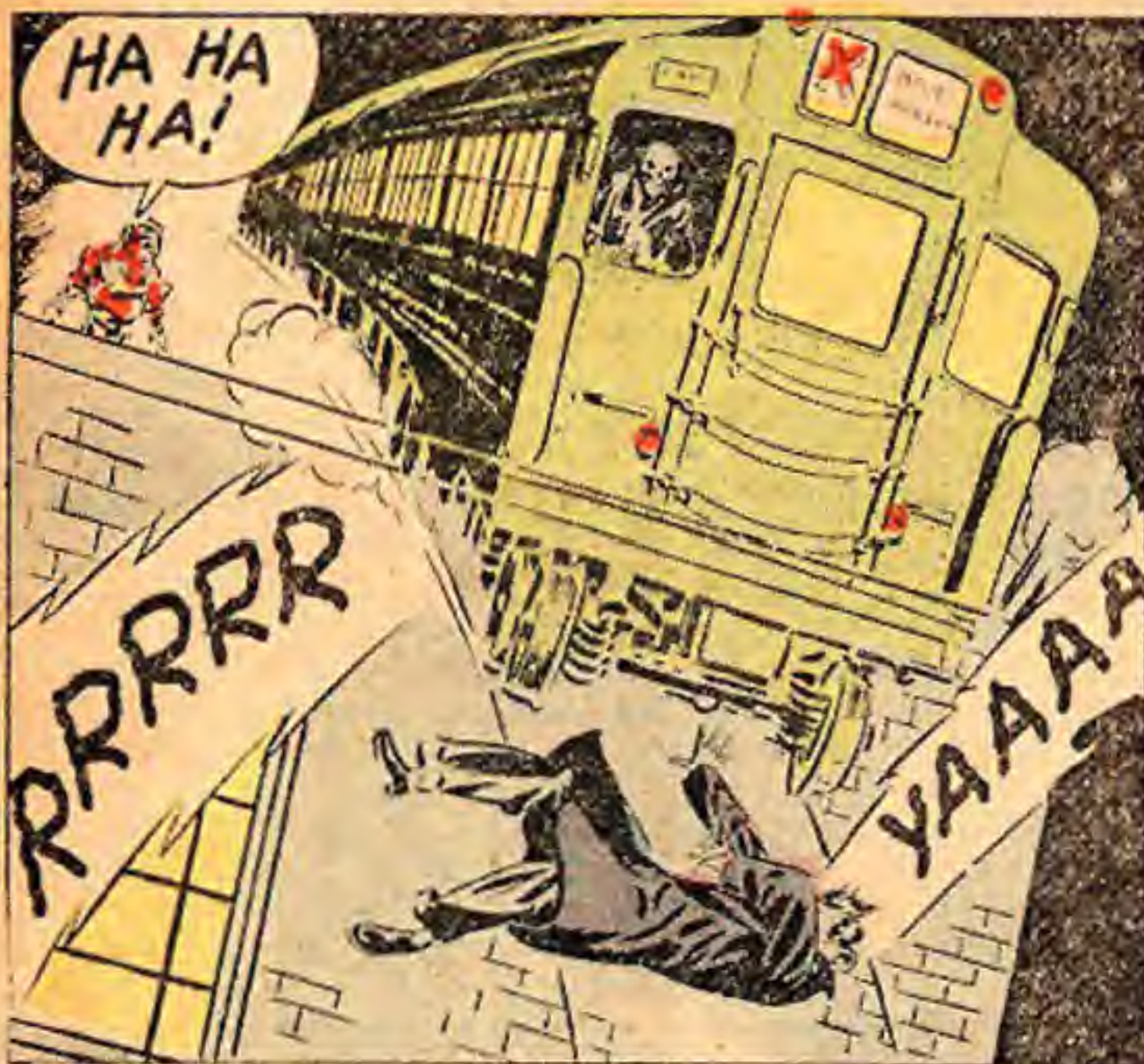














# Free ATOM BOMB SHOULDER PATCH

with Your Order

Collect Shoulder Patches Worn in Battle  
By Our Famous Fighting Outfits



Here is an amazing opportunity to collect rare and famous U. S. and foreign military patches worn by our fighting men, our allies and our enemies in every quarter of the globe. Imagine how proud you will be to own and display patches worn by our Ground Forces, Air Forces, Navy and Marines in the "Battle of the Bulge", on Guadalcanal, Leyte, Okinawa, North Africa and in the skies over Germany and Japan. You can have the famous patch insignia of the 20th Air Force (B-29 Superforts), Ranger Battalions, 101st Airborne of Bastogne, and hundreds more, all available in official sizes, designs and brilliant colors. You receive absolutely free with this introductory offer the rare Atom Bomb patch.



Atom Bomb

## 20 SPECIAL "SURPRISE" INTRODUCTORY OFFER ASSORTED PATCHES \$1

To start your collection, the Patch King has selected from the hundreds of rare and beautiful patches in his tremendous store rooms, 20 of the most fascinating and exciting designs. Every patch in this special collection of 20 represents some famous fighting outfit whose world-shaking exploits were making headlines just a few months ago. You will be amazed that such a wonderful hobby can be started so inexpensively, so excitingly. This special Patch King assortment is offered at the amazingly low price of only \$1.00. If you were to buy each patch individually from our catalog, they would cost you more, and more amazingly yet, you get FREE the Atom Bomb patch and our complete illustrated price list and catalog of hundreds of rare foreign and U. S. patches.

### BE FIRST — START NOW

Don't wait until your friends get a head start with their collections. Start today and be the envy of those who have not yet discovered this sensational hobby!

### 10 DAY FREE EXAMINATION

See these exciting patches and insignia at once, in your own home, at absolutely no risk. Send the dollar now and get our specially selected Patch King specials plus the free Atom Bomb patch. If you are not absolutely thrilled with these beautiful patches, you can return them within 10 days for full refund. In addition, you will receive absolutely free of extra cost the beautiful, big catalog showing hundreds of U. S. and allied patches.

### SEND FOR CATALOG

If you prefer to select your own patches, then you may send for our catalog and price list without purchasing the special introductory package of 20 patches. Simply enclose 10¢ with the coupon and we will rush the catalog to you immediately. If you buy the 20 Patch King specials now for \$1.00 you get this catalog free plus Atom Bomb patch.

THE PATCH KING, Dept. 2901

P.O. Box 101, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y. C. 10

### ALL OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED

American and allied patches are not imitations or samples. They are the actual patches, all embroidered, made for actual use by our fighting men and those of our allies. Enemy patches are copies from actual samples brought home as souvenirs by our returning G.I.'s.

THE PATCH KING, Dept. 2901

P.O. Box 101, Madison Sq. Station, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00. Rush my 20 Patch King Specials plus free Atom Bomb patch and illustrated catalog.
- ☐ Rush my 20 Patch King Specials plus free Atom Bomb patch and catalog. C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage on arrival.
- ☐ I am enclosing 10¢ for catalog only.

If in 10 days I am not delighted with my purchase, I can return it and my money will be refunded at once.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

(Orders Outside U.S.A. \$1.35 — No C.O.D.)





# BE A MOVIE PRODUCER! TECHNICOLOR COMICSCOPE

## IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN THEATRE!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSCOPE will bring your dreams true... it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use *photographs, comic strips, cartoons, original drawings, films, or small objects* and flash them on the screen in *technicolor*.

# \$1.98

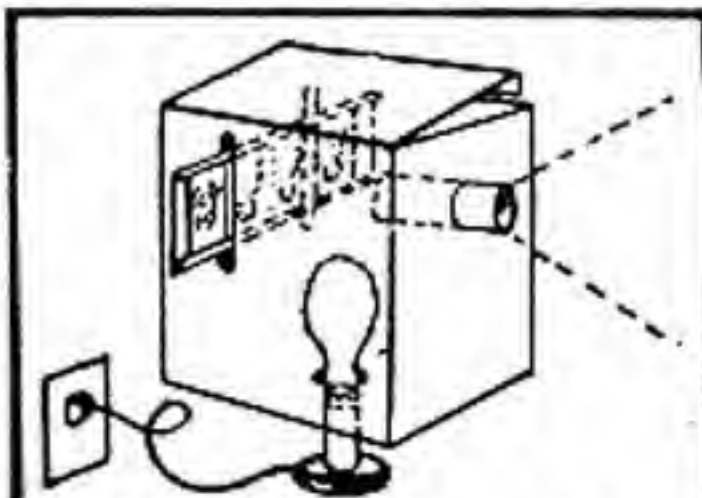
Complete  
With Cord  
And Sockets.  
Plus Postage

The COMICSCOPE is a *real projector*! It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSCOPE. The fine lens is adjustable to size and clearness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSCOPE too... including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen... The COMICSCOPE operates on AC and DC current. The whole family will enjoy the COMICSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen... or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story... or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSCOPE is new... it's *entertaining*... it's *fun*... and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

## NOW A 3-WAY UNIT

- PICTURE PROJECTOR
- FILM PROJECTOR
- MOVIE VIEWER

U.S. PAT. NO.  
2,301,114



### EASY TO USE

The COMICSCOPE comes complete together with extension cord, plug and socket. After inserting an electric bulb into the socket, it is ready for immediate use. FREE pictures and instructions included. Any child can use a COMICSCOPE.

## PROJECTS and ENLARGES

- PHOTOGRAPHS • PICTURES
- COMIC STRIPS • CARTOONS
- SMALL OBJECTS • ORIGINAL
- LIFE PICTURES DRAWINGS
- FILMS

## 5 DAYS

Examine and try the COMICSCOPE FREE for 5 days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied, then you may return it to us and we will refund your \$1.98 purchase price.

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101  
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

# FREE

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 2101  
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.98 plus 11¢ handling and postage costs for my COMICSCOPE. It is understood that I may return it within five days if not satisfied and my money will be refunded.

☐ Send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges.

☐ Enclosed find \$2.09 in full payment.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....



# FREE

with your order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

# Now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be **STRONG** to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

## Get Bursting Strength Quickly

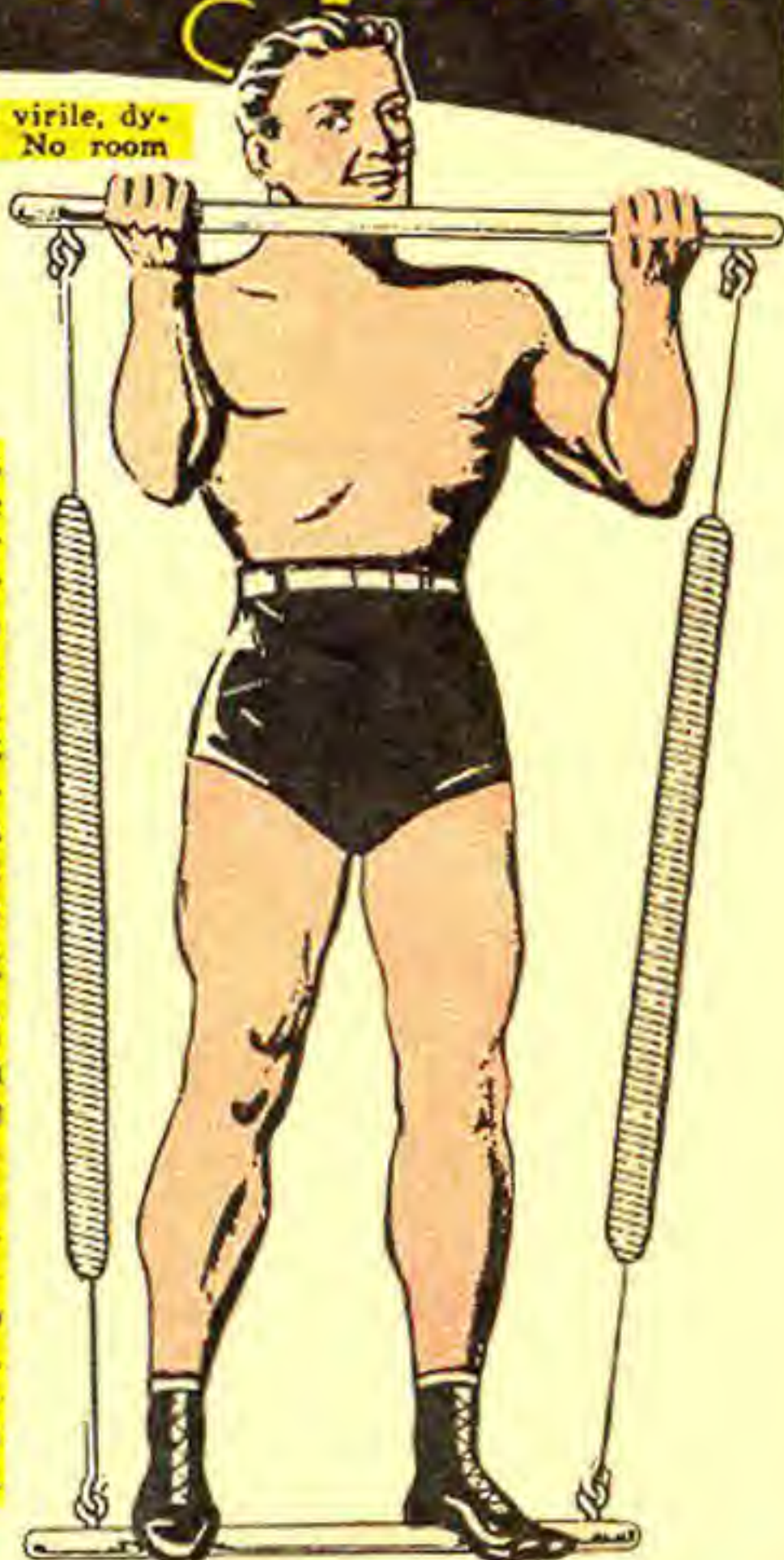
If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



### GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price



### Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back

You get many specially posed pictorial instructions... a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

Muscle Power Co.,  
366 E. 153rd St.,  
New York 55, N. Y.

## New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

Muscle Power Co., Dept. 1501

366 East 153rd St., New York 55, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull & bar bell combination. Set \$6.95.
- ☐ Send Super strength set at \$7.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

(Servicemen Note: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Ruling will not permit shipments to F.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds.)

Name .....

Address .....

City and Zone.....State.....